

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL, J.E.

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By Alfred Ellis.

MISS ESTHER PALLISER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

HOW CAPTAIN BURGES GOT TO ST. PAUL'S.

And this is fame! Two years from the beginning of the century a grateful country sets up in St. Paul's a monument to one of its heroes; two years from the end of the century we are asking who he was, and what he did, and why he should have one of the choicest niches in our most coveted masonry.

You cannot miss the Burges monument. It is the first on the right as you enter—a massive arrangement of white marble by Banks. The main figure is understood to be Captain Burges himself, who, in semi-Roman attire, is receiving the palm from the hands of Victory. Round the base are allegorical figures of Captivity and Defeat; and cannon and coiled ropes—you find them on most of the naval monuments—add a sort of local colour. The memorial, which was erected in 1802, bears this inscription—

Sacred to the memory of Richard Rundle Burges, Esq., Commander of his Majesty's

CAPTAIN RICHARD RUNDLE BURGES.

Photo by Lambert, Bath.

ship the *Ardent*, who fell in the 43rd year of his age while bravely supporting the honour of the British Flag in a daring and successful attempt to break the enemy's line near Camperdown on the 11th of October, 1797. His skill, coolness, and intrepidity eminently contributed to a victory equally advantageous and glorious to his country. That grateful country, by the unanimous act of her Legislature, enrolls his name high in the list of those heroes who, under the blessing of Providence, have established and maintained her naval superiority and her exalted rank among the nations.

Surely not the sort of monument for a Jubilee Year to cast a slight on! One is glad to believe that the Dean and Chapter will reconsider their decision to consign it to the Crypt to make room for the Leighton memorial.

I have given the epitaph in full, because, curiously enough, it comprises most of the available information about Captain Burges. Never was so retiring a hero. To the literature of his day, as of ours, he was absolutely unknown. Biographers are acquainted with many Burgesses, but Richard Rundle Burges is not among them: naval historians pass him by. Who, then, was this owner of a forgotten name?

He was, as the inscription states, commander of the good ship *Ardent*, and the *Ardent* was one of the dozen boats with which Admiral Duncan blew the Dutch fleet out of the water off Camperdown. It was a curious victory. Duncan had blockaded the enemy—who wanted to make a descent on Ireland—for many months in the Texel. In the autumn of 1797 he ran over to Yarmouth to revictual. The Dutchmen came out. Duncan went back with all speed, broke through the lines to cut off their retreat, and, in defiance of every handbook of naval strategy that was then in existence, demolished the fleet, killed and wounded a thousand of their men, and captured their admiral within sight of the dismayed crowds who lined the coast. The *Times* announced the victory “with the most lively joy,” and the enthusiastic mob broke the windows of everybody who would not illuminate in honour of the occasion.

There are no sensational stories of Burges' heroism—in fact, no details at all; but this is known. The signal was given for the *Ardent* to engage. “He did not,” says one account, “think the *Ardent* close enough, reserving his fire till he was so near that every shot struck the enemy.” There is no reason to disbelieve that story, for the *Ardent* lost by death or disablement 148 men, nearly one in three. She was surrounded at the time of her commander's death by five of the enemy's vessels. Though she had one of the smallest crews, no other vessel had nearly so long a list of dead. After the battle ninety-eight round-shot were taken out of her hull.

It is almost amusing to learn that a serious mutiny had broken out all through Admiral Duncan's fleet shortly before the engagement. The *Ardent* was among the disaffected vessels.

The little that is known about Captain Burges is easily told. He was a native of Devonshire, and had served in the West Indies, where he was severely wounded. He seems to have been something of an inventor, for the

sole obituary notice says that “the Service is indebted to him for some valuable improvements in his profession, particularly for the method discovered by him of warping ships at sea in a calm when out of findings.” We read also of his “honour and integrity” and “gentlemanlike and conciliatory manners,” and Admiral Duncan in his despatch home said that “the public have lost a good and gallant officer, and I a sincere friend.”

It is, by the way, not his “descendants” who objected to the removal of the monument. He has no descendants. His pension of a hundred pounds a-year lapsed at his death simply because he had no children to apply for it. The Burgeses were a sea-faring family. A nephew of the captain of the *Ardent* held a similar post, and a brother-in-law was killed in a naval action with the French.

But how was it that an officer who, however gallant, had never bulked largely in the public eye, who was certainly no better known to the England of a century ago than most other captains are to our own times, attained to the dignity of a monument in St. Paul's? Simply that the nation, relieved at last from the dread of an invasion which had haunted it for years, felt it must honour somebody. Captain Burges was the noblest of the victims of Camperdown, and it did homage to him partly in his own person as a gallant officer, but largely also as a representative of the death-roll. Later generations, as the walls of St. Paul's show, have hit on the device of erecting memorials to “the men who fell” in such and such an engagement. They did not do that in 1802; they selected their typical hero.

Burges' old Admiral keeps him company in the Cathedral, whither he followed a year or two later. He was then Viscount Camperdown; but if on any moonlit night the Captain gets down from his pedestal and strolls over to the North Transept, I daresay he will see through the disguise and recognise his old friend.



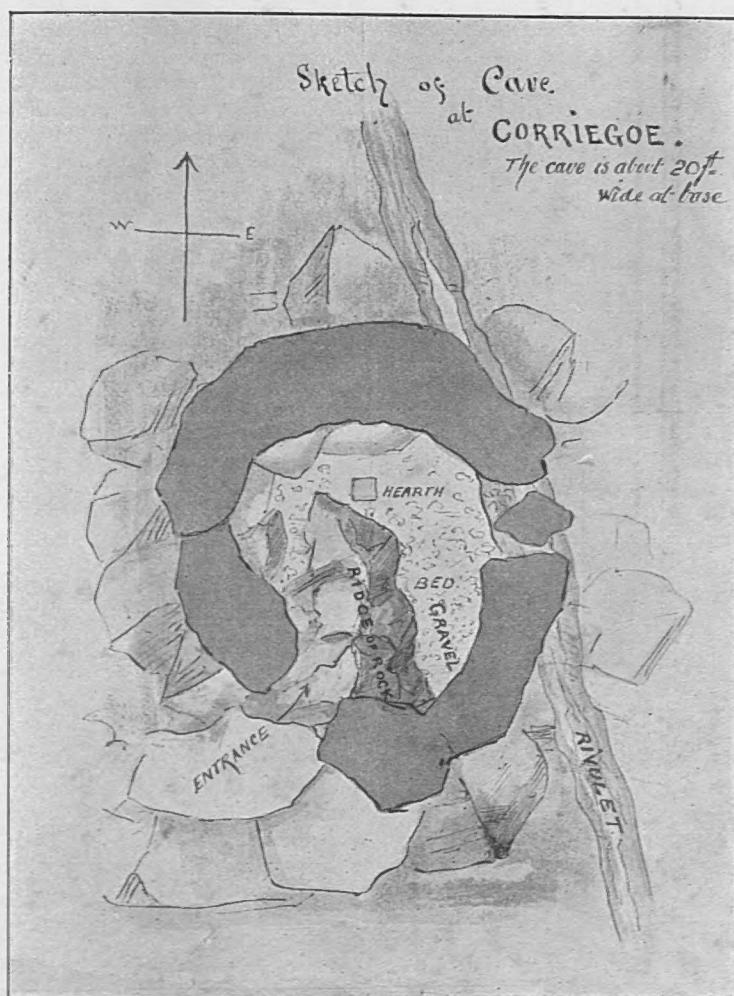
THE BURGES MONUMENT.

Photo by Doran, George Street, N.W.

"BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE."

HIS CAVE IN GLENMORISTON.

The renaissance of Jacobitism as an academic cult is a curious sign of the times viewed side by side with that appreciation of the House of



Hanover which the unique achievement of the reigning Sovereign has brought about. Mr. Lang's romantic account of Pickle the Spy brought the Stuarts into greater prominence than recent literature had permitted, and he writes for *The Sketch* on the cave as follows—

The sketches of Prince Charlie's Cave, in Glenmoriston, Inverness-shire, are from designs by Mr. Ross, sometime Provost of Inverness, and are lent by Mr. Blaikie, author of "The Itinerary of Prince Charles Stuart" (Scottish History Society). The Highlands are full of the Prince's caves, including one in Ardkinglas, the centre of Argyll's country, where he never was. The cave of the sketches, however, is genuine; it has "the finest purling stream that could be, running by his bedside." Here Charles, in the end of June 1746, was sheltered by the famous Glenmoriston men, a small party of brigands. The cave, formed like a tumulus by tall boulders, is clearly a conspicuous object, and a good place wherein to hunt for a fugitive. But it served its turn, and, as another cave in the same district, two miles off, is lost, perhaps it is not so conspicuous as it seems. Charles left the place, finding Captain Campbell encamped within four miles of his refuge.

Mr. Blaikie's book, of a limited number of copies, is so accurate that one might wish he would give us a popular and less austere form of the book, illustrated with views of places, with portraits and relics. This would be even more interesting than a pleasant recent volume on the much less adventurous escape of Charles II. after Worcester fight. Mr. Blaikie's book, which deals minutely with the Prince's whole Itinerary of 1745-46, is a supplement to three volumes of evidence collected by Bishop Forbes in "The Lyon in Mourning." The noble qualities of Charles come out in singular contrast to his proceedings and character

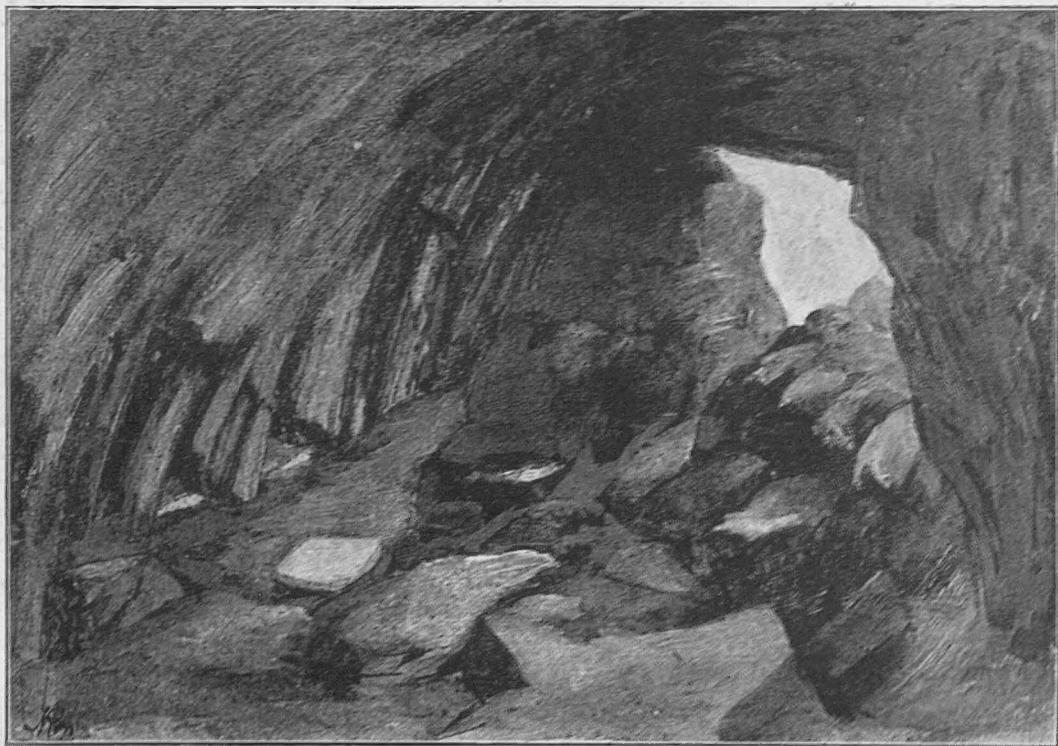
after 1747. Were the evidence less trustworthy, one might think the "Lyon" a myth, founded on the version of Bruce's wanderings in Barbour's poem. The resemblances are close and minute; both heroes cheer their followers by the same expedients, tales, and poems—even dances, in Charles's case; both are most chivalrous to women and children; both have the adventure of a dangerous crossing of a loch—Loch Lomond and Loch Shiel; both supply food by skill in the chase. Thus the Higher Criticism would certainly pronounce Charles's as a late replica of Bruce's adventures, but the evidence is too good! So many witnesses, often illiterate, cannot be plagiarising from Barbour. The contrast between what Charles was in 1746 and what he was in 1750 must be explained by that taste for brandy which appears in the artless narratives of the Highlanders, by hope deferred, by the arts of too affectionate ladies, and by the embittering discovery of treasons. There is no place here for a review of Mr. Blaikie's excellent treatise, which can reach few but professed historians. A popular work would, probably, be popular indeed, and a refuge of the destitute in Highland inns, on rainy afternoons. Possibly excavation in the Glenmoriston cave might yield interesting results, prehistoric or historical.

ANDREW LANG.

HIS BED AND RELICS AT CULLODEN HOUSE.

The Jacobite enthusiast has not for a long time got such a chance of gratifying that devotion to relics of the Stuarts which characterises him as that which occurs in the dispersal of the goods and chattels in Culloden House. The death of Mr. Duncan Forbes in April has sent the estate to one man and the movables to another. So encumbered is the estate with debt that the new heir, who is in Australia, is not expected to take any interest in his heritage, while the heir to the movables has placed them in the auctioneers' hands, as the phrase runs, "for absolute sale." So Messrs. Fraser of Inverness will bring the contents of Culloden House to the hammer to-day, the sale lasting till next Monday. The extent of the sale may be gauged from the fact that the auctioneers' catalogue, which will likely become valuable, extends to nearly fifty pages, and is admirably illustrated.

The estate of Culloden has belonged to the Forbes family for more than two and a-half centuries. From the time when the quarrels with Charles I. began the family opposed the Stuarts, and during the Jacobite troubles of 1715 and 1745 rendered valuable assistance to the Government. During the first of these risings Culloden House was attacked by a party of Highland Jacobites while the Laird was absent. His lady, however, ably defended the mansion, and drove away the besiegers. Both in 1715 and in 1745 the Culloden family was influential in restraining some of the chiefs from joining the Jacobites, and in this way aided the Government indirectly as well as directly. The Laird of Culloden at the time of the last rising was Duncan Forbes, an eminent lawyer and statesman, who from 1737 till his death, in 1747, was Lord President of the Court of Session. Forbes exerted himself to keep the clans from rising, and it is estimated that his persuasions kept ten thousand claymores in the scabbard. In every possible way he hampered the Prince's action, and the irony of fate never entered deeper into destiny than when Prince Charlie and his Highlanders made their final halt and fought their final battle. In October 1745 an unsuccessful attempt was made by a party of Frasers to seize Culloden House and the person of Lord-President Forbes; and in the spring of the following year, on the Prince retiring to the North, his



THE INSIDE OF THE CAVE.



CULLODEN HOUSE.
Photo by Whyte, Inverness.

Lordship, being insufficiently supplied with troops—although he had again and again begged for them—was obliged to fly. For two months Culloden House was in the hands of the rebels, and during that time the Young Pretender occupied it on several occasions. On the two nights preceding the battle of Culloden, which finally decided the fate of the Stuart dynasty, he slept in the President's Room.

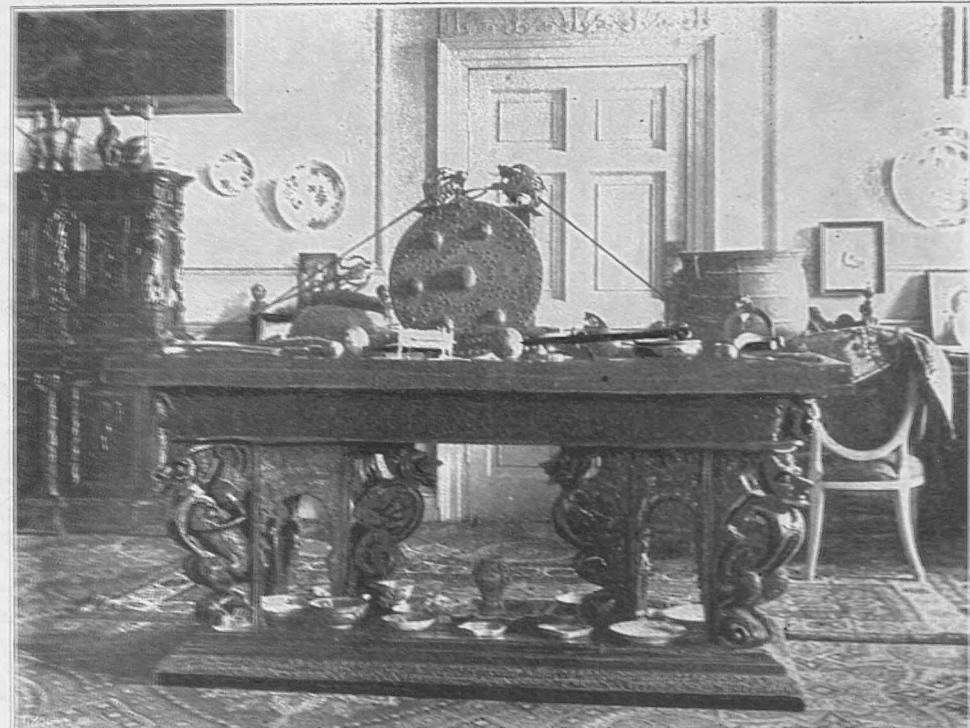
Successive generations of the family of Forbes of Culloden have contributed to bring together a fine accumulation of antiques, curios, reliques, and works of art, and the "Culloden Collection" is now famous. The estimation in which it is held is shown by the statement made by the Lord Advocate in the House of Commons the other evening, to the effect that the Government have under consideration whether some of the objects should be purchased and added to one or other of the national collections. The chief feature is the great number of Jacobite reliques, forming the finest private collection of Scottish Jacobite reliques which exists.

Among the articles which are to be sold are the great Elizabethan canopied bed in massive mahogany, which has been kept intact as the Prince slept upon it. Then there are the table upon which his meals were spread during the time he occupied the mansion, and his walking-stick, with its carved double-head representing Mirth and Folly, which, in his haste to obey the final summons, he left beside the dressing-table. There are many other reliques picked up on the field, including a carved walrus ivory domino-box,

which belonged to the Duke of Cumberland. Besides the Jacobite reliques, the Culloden collection contains antiques, curios, old china, delft, &c., of more than ordinary interest. The pictures include a number of rare prints and engravings, and paintings attributed to Titian, Guido Reni, Poussin, Cuyp, and other well-known artists.

FROM PARIS.

Among the most prized of Victorien Sardou's possessions is the perfect model of the Bastille that was made by Palloy immediately after its fall on July 14, 1789. There were originally eighty-three such models, made of the actual stones of the Bastille, and sent all over France by the Revolutionists to be exhibited by the Municipal Councils, and intended to act as a warning to those who still clung on to Bourbonism. One by one they have been lost or destroyed, and to-day, I fancy, there are not more than three in existence, two of which are to be seen at Versailles. But although the Bastille has vanished, a good deal of it rests in various parts of Paris. The bridge at the Place de la Concorde is constructed of its masonry, and a good many houses in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle are built of the remnants of the cruel old prison. Those



THE RARE OLD DUTCH TABLE AT WHICH PRINCE CHARLIE DINED, AND SOME RELICS.



THE BED ON WHICH PRINCE CHARLIE SLEPT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

must have been halcyon days for the working classes. After the Revolutionists had left it an incoherent heap, the Government paid out one million five hundred francs simply to get it carted away. The Minister of Finance of the time admitted that it certainly came rather high, but evoked a storm of applause when he pointed out that all the money had gone into the pockets of their brothers, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts. Anything connected with the fete of July 14 is interesting at the present time, because, unless a great change comes on the scene, that of last week will be numbered among those of the end. The people are tired of it, because it falls on the eve of rent-day; the restaurateurs, who in the old days subscribed most of the money, refuse to put their hands in their pockets, as they claim that by so doing they are only bringing the working-classes of St. Denis on to the boulevards and so driving away their wealthy clients, while householders in the better quarters have entirely ceased to go in for any decoration.

The members of the Panama Commission were rather surprised to find that Dr. Cornelius Herz had telegraphed to M. Pfichon denying the greater part of what was published recently about the interview at Tankerville House in the *Soir*. M. Pfichon would not enter into any discussion with him.

OH, THOSE CRITICS!

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have published a beautifully printed and carefully prepared volume entitled "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign." It is written by the late Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and other well-known writers, and it ought to be good, but it is not. It would not be right, perhaps, immediately after Mrs. Oliphant's death, to say all that one might about the inaccuracies in her study of "The Sisters Brontë." Suffice that they are there. Let us, however, see what the critics have to say. Here are the "opinions of the Press," as they appear in the advertisement columns of the *Athenaeum*—

Mrs. Oliphant's article on the Brontë sisters is a piece of serious criticism worthy of the writer's reputation.—*Times*.

This very readable book contains some criticism that deserves attention for its insight and lucidity.—*Morning Post*.

This volume stands high above the general level of books about books. . . . Miss Edna Lyall's paper on Mrs. Gaskell is one of the most pleasing in the book. . . . Miss Sergeant's estimate of "East Lynne" is excellent reading.—*Daily News*.

A handsome and opportune volume.—*Daily Mail*.

The book proves to admiration that we have amongst us a few women authors who are not only novelists of established reputation, but also writers qualified to make a mark in the ranks of criticism.—*Daily Telegraph*.

A handsome and very readable volume. . . . Mrs. Oliphant has never written more wisely, Mrs. Lynn Linton never more vigorously. . . . Miss Yonge contributes interesting little memoirs and appreciations. . . . The book will have permanent value as an "expert" review of a notable phase of Victorian literature.—*Globe*.

Of the many books, notable or otherwise, for which this splendid date in our national history is responsible, very few, if any, are more valuable, fascinating, and instructive than "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign." The essays are characterised by very trenchant and judicious criticism. . . . Nothing could be more thoughtful and open-minded than Mrs. Oliphant's contribution on the Brontës. . . . Not less striking is Mrs. Lynn Linton's essay on George Eliot. . . . Charming is Miss Edna Lyall's paper on Mrs. Gaskell, and the trefoil of portraits by Miss Sergeant is well done.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A book that should find favour.—*Academy*.

Certainly one of the most apropos contributions to the literature of the Diamond Jubilee.—*World*.

A book of extremely readable and instructive essays, every one of which is worth reading, thought, and praise.—*Graphic*.

All the appreciations are interesting and readable.—*Black and White*.

And here is a plain presentation of the real character of the book by *The Sketch* critic—

It is fitting that Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, who have been so honourably identified with the fiction of the reign, should publish some contribution to its history. They have done their part well, giving us a pleasant page and selecting their critics with care. If the book is a disappointment, they are in no way to blame.

That it is a disappointment cannot be denied. The chief essays are those on Charlotte Brontë by Mrs. Oliphant, and George Eliot by Mrs. Lynn Linton. On the first we will say as little as possible. Mrs. Oliphant's long and honourable labour, so lately closed, imposes silence. But the haste and carelessness with which the paper was written, the ignorance shown throughout, and the entire critical blindness of almost every judgment it contains, ought to be marked. Mrs. Oliphant begins by saying that Charlotte Brontë appeared in the full flush of a period specially endowed in fiction, when Anthony Trollope and Charles Reade formed a powerful second rank to Dickens and Thackeray. As a matter of fact, when "Jane Eyre" appeared Charles Reade had published nothing. We rather think this is true also of Trollope. In any case, Charlotte Brontë was in her grave before Trollope had made any name in literature. The same may be said of Charles Reade. There is not, so far as we know, the smallest evidence that Charlotte Brontë ever heard the name of either Trollope or Reade. We have marked passage after passage no better than this, but have no space to mention them. The whole episode of Branwell is treated with lordly ignorance. We are told that, in spite of Charlotte Brontë's denial, he must have known of the successes of his sisters—since the parish knew, the unfortunate brother must have found out. The parish did not know, and Branwell, who died about nine months after "Jane Eyre" was published, had no means of finding out. If he had found out, would he not have made his sisters' lives more miserable, if possible, by demands for money? By what right is Charlotte Brontë's explicit statement denied? Mrs. Gaskell is condemned for making it appear that Branwell's deplorable career influenced the sisters' view of life, and it is suggested that his errors might have been covered. Mrs. Gaskell, on all such points—points which involve delicacy and good feeling—was a far better judge than Mrs. Oliphant, and she wrote with knowledge. Branwell's errors were of a kind which it was impossible to conceal. Mrs. Oliphant's criticisms, especially those on "Wuthering Heights," "Shirley," and Charlotte Brontë's letters, are curious, and perhaps nothing more. It is impossible she could have read "Shirley" for many years, and she writes out of dim and vague recollections. It is intelligible that Mrs. Oliphant should depreciate the recent studies on the Brontës, and, indeed, for Professor Saintsbury, Mrs. Oliphant, and critics of the kind, such work is superfluous. What these writers have to do, in the first place, is to get a fair knowledge of the Brontë novels, and in the second to read Mrs. Gaskell's biography.

Mrs. Oliphant's essay is but a forlorn piece of hackwork. Of Mrs. Lynn Linton's paper on George Eliot it is necessary to speak much more severely. Mrs. Oliphant hardly claimed to be accurate when she was writing about literature, but Mrs. Linton makes high pretensions here, and elaborately corrects George Eliot's grammar. We are thus entitled to demand care on the part of the critic, and it is little to say

that we do not get it. Indeed, judging from Mrs. Linton's paper, we should be very much inclined to doubt whether she had read George Eliot's novels since their first appearance, whether she, like Mrs. Oliphant, is not writing from the dimmest and idlest recollection. The whole paper abounds in errors which must strike the most unobservant. How they passed the editor and the proof-readers of this book we do not understand. Our experience is that most proof-readers have a fair acquaintance with George Eliot's works. Take, for example, "Malhouse Yard" for "Malthouse Yard" (twice repeated). Who is "Sister Grigg" more than once referred to at length as a character in "The Mill on the Floss"? Probably she is a faint reminiscence of Sister Gleig; but we do not know. Mrs. Linton has a poor opinion of "Silas Marner"; we are consoled by finding that she thinks Silas belonged to a place called "Ravaloe." But we must not go on correcting Mrs. Linton in this way, though it should be noted that these and other blunders are deliberate. What we protest against is the insinuations against the personal character of George Eliot that creep like serpents through Mrs. Linton's pages. We know perfectly well what these insinuations mean; we thoroughly disbelieve them. The very worst is that about Mr. Casaubon, and, in the opinion of those who know best, there is not the smallest justification for it. The identification of characters in the novels which Mrs. Linton professes her ability to make should not be trusted. It is hard to forgive the sneer at Mr. Cross, George Eliot's husband—"her yet more fatal blunder of marrying an obscure individual many years younger than herself." Mr. Cross was a man of culture and position; he was also a devoted husband, and on the whole subject Professor Jowett's opinion may safely be taken. In any case, it is no business of Mrs. Linton's, and it would be just as decent in us to talk about the wisdom of her marriage as it is in her to talk about the wisdom of George Eliot's. Mr. Cross, as Mrs. Linton very well knows, is still living. Of course, there is some cleverness in Mrs. Linton's criticisms, though she is perpetually hitting round the nail. A favourite touch of hers is to argue that this person could not have married that one. Let her consider the marriages of, let us say, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Oliphant, and Mrs. Lynn Linton. The rest of the book is on a still lower level, and may be briefly dismissed. "Edna Lyall's" essay on Mrs. Gaskell is pathetically silly, without the faintest trace of either literary or critical ability. This is a specimen: "How tender and womanly and noble, for instance, is her treatment of the difficult subject which forms the *motif* of Ruth." The paper is all of this sort—like the remarks that used to be written on the margins of circulating library works in three volumes—"Very sweet," "How noble!" It is redeemed by some extracts from Mrs. Gaskell—a great writer on whom nothing very good has ever been written, if we except Professor Minto's *Fortnightly* article. Miss Sergeant's paper on Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. Archer Clive, and Mrs. Henry Wood is much better, and Miss Yonge makes a real addition to our knowledge of Miss Anne Manning. This is the only contribution to literary history made in these pages. The very worst article is that on Julia Kavanagh and Miss Edwards, though the paper on Mrs. Craik runs it very hard. Mrs. Emma Marshall does justice to the literary ability of "A. L. O. B.," which, though not equal to that of Miss Wetherell, was distinct, and she gives some particulars of her unselfish and, indeed, heroic life.

"FOUR LITTLE GIRLS," AT THE CRITERION.

Four little girls, and pretty little girls—have one who is pretty big and also pretty—and all have matrimonial fever, the result being the most marrying piece that I can remember! For not only have the four little girls four husbands—among them—but there are two elderly Hymenising couples into the bargain. Of course, some ingenuity is required in manoeuvring all these victims of Venus, and, since there was plenty of laughter in the house, I presume that the ingenuity was shown. It is a risky thing for young gentlemen who are absolutely dependent on their fathers to marry without consulting their parents—dishonourable, too, if one looks deeper than farce will allow; and consequently, when young Tyndal and young Raddlestone had spent their clandestine honeymoons and were expecting the appearance of their respective fathers, they were vastly unhappy. Luckily for them, they had a tutor and cicerone in the person of a Scotsman called Jakel Muggeridge—a name unsuggestive of Caledonia—who nobly undertook the task of deceiving old Tyndal and old Raddlestone at any cost in truth. The two young married men were compelled to pass as bachelors and court two pretty girls, who had secret love-affairs of their own. So there was constant playing at cross-purposes, to say nothing of cross-kissing. It is wise when adopting a policy that involves the kissing of pretty girls to give your wife written notice in advance. Our two young men neglected this precaution, and, unfortunately, were caught by their wives when playing their parts too well. The consequence was that the wives had hysterics and spasms, and Muggeridge was blamed by everybody. Of course, in farces youth has the best of it, parents have to give way, and obstacles to the current of true love must be removed. So the young husbands and wives were pardoned, and the other two little girls got married, and the old folk indulged in matrimony, and all went as merrily as marriage-bells. The four little girls—Miss Audrey Ford, Miss Dora Barton, Miss Mabel Beardsley, and Miss Violet Lyster—are four pretty darlings; the order in which the names are mentioned is quite accidental. I ought to add that in the part of Muggeridge Mr. James Welch worked tremendously and very cleverly—he deserves a better task.

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**THE
English Illustrated Magazine**

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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MR. BELLOW'S WATCH. By HAROLD SPENDER. Illustrations by C. H. Tubb.
ABOUT SHETLAND PONIES. By GEORGE HENDRY. With Illustrations from Photographs.
AT THE GRAVE OF ANNE BRONTE: 1849-1897. By PERCY CROSS STANDING. With Illustrations.
THE FAIRY DOLLY. By B. NESBIT. Illustrations by A. L. Bowley.
MID-CENTURY CRICKETERS. By ANDREW LANG. With Illustrations.
ROMANCE ON WHEELS. By E. B. PIERCY. Illustrations by W. D. ALMOND.
A GREAT NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR: A CHAT WITH SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART. With Illustrations from Photographs.
GOLDFINCHES. Drawn by Archibald Thorburn.
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AN ARTIST WHO WAS HANGED. By FRED MILLER. With Illustrations.
A HERO. By ARTHUR BLOUNT. Illustration by Dudley Hardy.
SCIENTIFIC HISTORY AND PROGRESS DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN. By EDWARD CLODD. With Portraits.
AN AESTHETIC MANIFESTATION IN BIRDS. By JAMES BUCKLAND. Illustrations by Cecil Aldin.
GEORGE THE THIRD'S JUBILEE. By ALBERT D. VANDAM. With Illustrations.
AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE. By MAX RAYLTON. Illustrations by Frances Egan.
GREAT EXPLORERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN. By HERBERT WARD.
THE DOCTOR OF RED CREEK. By MORLEY ROBERTS. Illustrations by Lancelot Speed.
OUR GREAT NAVAL HERO: PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NELSON. By CLARK RUSSELL. Illustrations by W. H. Overend.
LONDON THE LITTLE. By BRICKLES WILLSON. With Illustrations from Photographs.

A WONDERFUL SIXPENNYWORTH OF ART AND LITERATURE.

OFFICE OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," 105, STRAND, W.C.

AN UNCONSCIOUS HELPMATE.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE; THE HUSBAND; THE OTHER MAN;
LIZETTE, AN INSTRUMENT.

(The Drama commences in the Street.)

A VOICE. Minnie!
MINNIE (turning round). Sir!
SIR. I beg pardon; of course, I meant Miss Cunningham.
SHE (shaking hands). Why, I declare, it's Jack.
JACK. Yes, still the same old Jack. And you?
SHE. No, not the same. I'm Mrs. Armytage.
HE. Ah! So you married that idiot Armytage, after all?
SHE. Yes, I certainly married the idiot. And you?
HE. I hadn't the luck to find an idiot, idiot enough to marry me.
SHE. You went to Africa?
HE. That same night—when you refused me.
SHE. What a long while ago to remember!
HE. Only a year. But too long for you to wait.
SHE. Wait! for what?
HE. Only for me. I thought, perhaps—
SHE (suddenly). Well, good-bye. I mustn't be late for dinner, you know.

HE. You are in town now?
SHE. Of course, we are up for the Season. I'll send you a card for one of my "at homes," if you like.
HE. Couldn't I find you at home without a card?
SHE. You mustn't talk like that . . . Jack.
HE. I suppose not. And all through that idiot Armytage—my best friend.
SHE. Where are you staying?
HE. At a hotel just for the present. Oh, yes, here's one of the cards—"Hedcourt Hotel. Quiet, central, and convenient."
SHE. Thanks. I will write to you for my next reception.
HE. Make it for to-morrow, for me alone. I have so much to tell you.
SHE. To which, of course, I ought not to listen.
HE. The very reason you will let me speak.
SHE. Now, good-bye; I must fly to get dressed for dinner.
HE. Till to-morrow, Minnie.
SHE. Good-bye—Jack.

SHE (ringing her bell). How funny, meeting him like that! (Entering the hall.) And as impudent as ever, too! (Ascending the staircase.) Of course, I shall do nothing of the kind. (In her dressing-room.) Certainly not. (With one arm out of her jacket.) And yet . . . (The other arm out.) Poor Jack! (Sinks down on the cushions before the fire, and dreams into the embers. Springs up suddenly, rings for pen and ink. Sits before a little table and writes hurriedly—)

DEAR JACK,—You are right. There will be a cup of tea for you to-morrow afternoon—and in my boudoir.—M. A.

Blots, folds, encloses in envelope. Pauses with pen in mid-air and cries. Well, I never! I have actually forgotten his name. Jack—that's John. John What, Esq. A year is a very long while, after all. "The gentleman with the blonde moustache. Hedcourt Hotel." How absurd! I could cry with the humour of it. [Footsteps mount. A tap on the door.

THE HUSBAND. Dressed for dinner yet, Minnie?
SHE (strangling a sob). I won't be a minute now, dear.

DEAR. Don't hurry on my account; I've only just come in.

SHE. Say in half an hour, then?

DEAR. All right. [Footsteps retreat, pause, come back again.

DEAR. Oh, I say, who do you think I ran across at the corner?

SHE (wearily). Don't know, I'm sure.

DEAR. Why, that ass Shrewsbury, who went to Africa a year ago.

SHE. Ah!

DEAR. By-the-bye, wasn't he once an old flame of yours?

SHE. How ridiculous you are, dear! Run away and dress, there's a good boy.

GOOD BOY. Right.

SHE (sobbing). Shrewsbury, of course. "J. Shrewsbury, Esq., Hedcourt Hotel, W." There! I've done it! (Rings.) Lizette, see that this letter goes at once. And discreetly, you understand.

LIZETTE. Mais parfaitement, Madame.

SHE. How nice of Harold to come and tell me! . . . That sort of a husband is a distinct acquisition . . . Now for dinner.

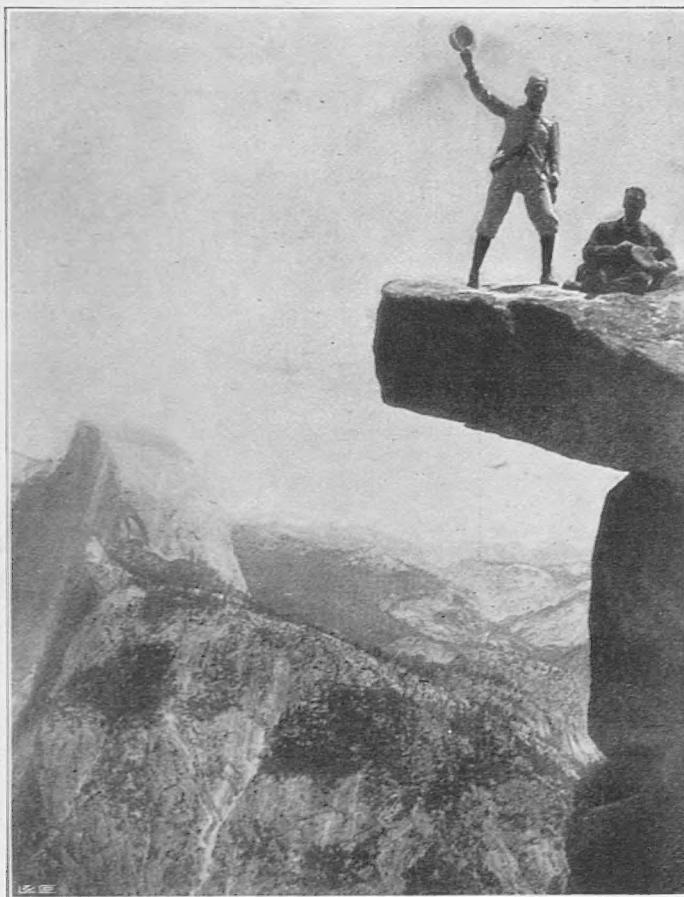
Curtain drops . . . but the play continues. ALFRED SLADE.

For Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Races the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company as usual have made special arrangements for the fortnight, beginning on Monday; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the railway company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton Corporation, for the watering of the roads between the Drayton and Chichester Stations and Goodwood Park.

There was a fire the other day in the Avenue de Choisy in Paris, and among those whose lives were in danger was a litter of Newfoundland puppies. The mother, seeing the danger, entered the burning house three times, and saved four of them, and then paid the penalty by being burned to death. There were dogs of another order at the Charity Bazaar fire, alas!

SMALL TALK.

So numerous and persistent are the rumours of losses made by syndicates and private persons who speculated in Jubilee stands that one begins to wonder whether anyone made a profit on what at one time seemed to be almost certainly a profitable investment, and one would hardly be surprised at a new Jubilee Fund being started for the benefit of those who to a certain extent must certainly be regarded as public benefactors. One company, which we all know went in very largely for stands, has found it advisable to issue a circular to its shareholders setting forth its losses in this direction. Says the secretary of Harrod's Stores, "So many exaggerated rumours have been in circulation lately respecting losses sustained by this company in connection with the Jubilee Procession, that my directors think it their duty to their shareholders to state the facts." The facts can hardly be gratifying reading, but, considering that the rumour-mongers have spoken of £20,000, £30,000, and even £40,000, as the amount of loss, it is doubtless a relief to learn that the actual amount will not exceed £17,500. One very satisfactory feature—to those, perhaps, who are not shareholders in this company—is that the loss has to a large extent been brought about by "the requirements of the authorities." These "requirements" have doubtless shorn many a possible rich profit, but they have probably saved us from a number of deplorable accidents that might have marred the happiness of a Jubilee Day which passed off with hardly a serious casualty.



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN" FROM THE OVERHANGING ROCK IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Even amid the great peaks and the silences the Jubilee was celebrated. Two Englishmen, Mr. Jones, and a most appropriately named Mr. G. M. Dare, of Singapore, ascended Glacier Point, in the Yosemite Valley, on the evening of Jubilee Day and illuminated the vast cañon with fireworks. The following day they had a number of bombs let off at the same place. Glacier Point, I may say, is 3250 feet above the valley floor. "The sight," writes a traveller, who could not be eclipsed by Peer Gynt himself, "is something to stop the beating of a chamois' heart and cause spiders of ice to crawl down one's spine. From here the entire valley is spread out at your feet, where hotels are as huts, trees of two hundred feet mere shrubs, men as black spots on the surface of the green, Mirror Lake a bright speck, and an apple-orchard of four acres, the trees set twenty feet apart, appears as a checker-board."

Mr. William Doxey, of *Lark* fame, headed the committee of Britishers at San Francisco who rejoiced over the reign for three days. The Saturday was successfully devoted to games, literary exercises, and a ball, all thoroughly enjoyed, and thousands were present. A service of praise was held on the Sunday, and a banquet on Monday was attended by the best people in the town.

It is not correct to say that the Jubilee celebrations were of a harmonious character throughout "the length and breadth of the country." At Holbeach, in Lincoln county, the black flag associated with piracy and everything evil might have been seen floating ominously in the High Street, while upon it was imprinted the dread word "Measles."

This was not meant as a mark of disrespect to the royal lady whom the rest of the country was united in honouring, but was intended by way of apology and explanation for the lack of festivities at Holbeach. It had been intended to mark the day in the usual manner by a feast to old and young; but the town was suddenly visited by an epidemic of



HOW HOLBEACH CELEBRATED THE RECORD REIGN.

measles, and the rejoicings were finally deferred to a more auspicious occasion. This did not meet with the approval of the townsfolk, and the black flag was the work of some humorist, who imagined that the street might otherwise go undecorated. This was, happily, not the case, as many of the leading people hung out bunting, and there were illuminations in the evening. A certain amount of rowdyism was noticeable, but it is to be hoped that Holbeach has since returned to its normal state of calm.

Who says that the American does not appreciate the Queen? On Sunday, June 20, a window in her honour was unveiled in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York. It is capitally contrasted with a



A WINDOW TO THE QUEEN IN NEW YORK.

Cabot window, for to Cabot the English-speaking people owe their right to the American continent. The window was presented through the St. George's Society and the Sons of St. George.

The dinner given by one hundred distinguished women to one hundred distinguished men, in the Grafton Gallery on the night of Wednesday last, was an unqualified success, and the *soirée* which followed the dinner was perhaps one of the most remarkable gatherings of interesting people that have ever been seen in London. Moreover, there were more pretty dresses and more pretty women than are usually

The Women's Jubilee Dinner & Soiree.

2000-0000

MR. GABRIEL ANTHONY, M.D.	MISS MARY KONGSHU.
MISS AGNES CHAPIN.	LAWYER DOROTHY NAWAL.
MISS MARY DAUGER.	MISS EUGENA SHAW.
MISS FAUCETTE.	MISS CLARA VONNEMUTH.
MISS J. B. GARDNER.	MISS BRENDA TUNNEY.
MISS JANE HENNINGSON, B.D.	MISS MARY VANHORN WHITE.
MISS JONES.	MISS HENRYWOOD.
MISS W. R. QUINNED.	MISS ALICE ANNIE STANKE.

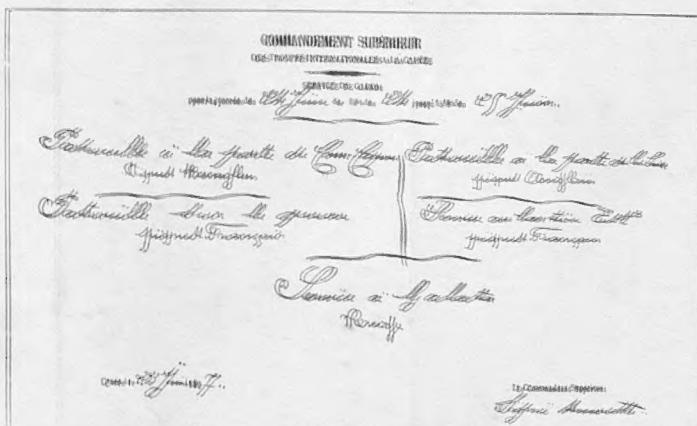
Diana Newbold

It is requested by the above Committee to invite you to join in giving the Dinner. It is proposed that a hundred of us, representing, so far as possible in so limited a number, the various branches of work in which women have achieved distinction, should invite an equal number of distinguished men to dine in the Carlton Galleries on Wednesday, the 16th July.

It is believed that such a dinner would not only be a brilliant social function, but that it will also serve as a fitting commemoration of the great change in the position

more emancipated sisters had to say about them. Other women had somewhat crude ideas as to what constitutes a celebrated man, Mr. Humphry Ward, for example, being celebrated only as the husband of his wife. Madame Sarah Grand brought her publisher, Mr. Heinemann. Doubtless other literary ladies will wish that they had brought theirs when they submit their next books. The House of Commons cannot be said to have been over-represented by six members, but these included Mr. Bryce, Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Curzon. Journalism was adequately represented by Mr. Buckle of the *Times*, Mr. Massingham of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Dr. Robertson Nicoll. The Bishop of London represented the Church; he was brought by Mrs. Sidney Webb, whose husband came to the after entertainment. It is a new development of Socialism, this alliance with great ecclesiastics to honour the Queen. The Fabian Society will go to Windsor next, and its trinity will come back Viscount Webb, Sir Graham Wallis, and Sir G. B. Shaw. Our chief literary men, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Meredith, were not present, but there were, of course, sufficient reasons for that; and literature came off very well by the presence of Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Dr. Garnett. Altogether, the gathering, while it effectually demonstrated by the names of some forty out of the hundred that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, must be admitted to have been an interesting and successful experiment. There will, no doubt, be an annual Women's Dinner of this kind.

Here is a facsimile of the document detailing the daily duties of the international troops at Canea, Island of Crete. The British are



FACSIMILE OF THE DAILY ORDER TO THE TROOPS IN CRETE

represented by two companies of the 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, and to them is confided the daily guard over the principal gate of the city.

When I was in Constantinople during the war (writes a correspondent) I was much struck by the way in which the natives received news of the proceedings in Thessaly. Every few hours the streets would be deluged by a crowd of paper-boys bearing small sheets, containing the latest authorised telegrams. Chance collections of strangers would subscribe the twenty piastas between them and purchase one of the slips.

and soon after all the thoroughfares were punctuated with small groups standing round some man who translated the message from French into Turkish as he went along. As the Government stamp showed, the news-sheet was official; that is to say, it was embellished by some Government official and made correct reading for the public. I spoke to one Turkish gentleman about the credence to be attached to the Government communications, and he said they were altogether untrustworthy. "I have private advices that say we are doing very well," he remarked; "but, no matter how we were doing, we should have the same telegrams. If Edhem Pasha did not send a line, we should have lies served to us at short intervals. It is all the more absurd because the only people who believe in official information that comes from Yildiz are the very lowest orders, who cannot read and cannot raise twopence among them to pay for a paper." The gentleman who gave me this information is a loyal Turk and a faithful subject of Abdul Hamid, but, like many other loyal cliques, he holds what he calls "The Palace Gang" in abhorrence, and says they are responsible for the bad odour in which all things Turkish stand to-day.

At the Fine Art Society's the little collection of original drawings by Mr. Linley Sambourne shows the work in specimen of one among the most original and brilliant illustrators and designers of our generation. It is only by degrees that Mr. Sambourne, led it may be by the necessities of reproduction by wood-engraving, has developed his strong and most satisfactory style. His line wins the praise that has been given to the line of Holbein—it is eminently inclusive. His power is such that within the circuit of that line he says everything that he purposes to say. It



MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE'S INVITATION TO
HIS SHOW.

humour; he is one of the most delightful of political cartoonists, as this series of drawings abundantly shows, and among them particularly that laughable "Mother of Three" which is one of his best efforts. The little collection in Bond Street is one that everybody should see who wishes to appreciate the high level on which some of the best examples of English black-and-white drawing appearing in weekly journalism and otherwise stand as represented by one of our most eminent caricaturists.

The *Spectator* raises the question of certain misdemeanours of the Press in giving lengthy accounts of parties and social functions in private houses. It ignores, however, the interesting point that these functions are entitled to precisely the same amount of recognition in the newspapers as, say, a Lord Mayor's banquet or a charity bazaar. Tickets are sent to the leading journalists and important newspapers, with no other object than that some measure of notice should be given to the particular function.

With an ignorance which is not uncommon to the pretentious *Review of Reviews*, that publication now declares that the title of Historian of the Queen's Reign belongs not to Mr. Justin McCarthy, but to Sir Theodore Martin. Sir Theodore Martin wrote the Life of the Prince Consort, whose career had run its course before the Queen's reign was half completed. There have been only two systematic historians of the Queen's reign—the first, the late Rev. William Molesworth, whose book had many points of superiority over Mr. McCarthy's, and Mr. McCarthy, who has had the advantage of writing upon the whole sixty years.

THE TILLER TROUPE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

It was a magnificent shoot, 101 points out of a possible 105, that made Quartermaster-Sergeant Robinson, of the Hythe Staff, the happy winner of the Gold Jewel of the Army Sixty and Champion Shot of the



AN ARMY CHAMPION SHOT.

Photo by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

British Army for 1897. He had aggregated 557 in six consecutive shoots as against Major Lamb's 532, and finished well in the middle of the bill.

The office of surgeon to the police force is a position that one would not expect to find associated with the occupancy of a professorial chair in an ancient university. The dual office, however, is held by Sir Henry Littlejohn, who succeeded Sir Douglas MacLagan early this year as Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh. Sir Henry, moreover, is likewise Medical Officer of Health for the Northern city. It is no matter for wonder, therefore, that he has been of late the subject of a good deal of criticism, and that disaffection has manifested itself among his students and in the constabulary of the Modern Athens. Sir Henry's class was treated lately to a minutely detailed story of temporary burial, which left some doubt in the auditors' minds whether the professor was fooling them or if he actually credited his circumstantial narrative. Stories of this nature and too-frequent reminiscences of the mortuary or dissecting-room have evoked comment which is not confined to the Professor's class-room, and now the police have appealed to the Town Council concerning the neglect (they say) of their surgeon, while Sir Henry calls for a suspension of judgment "till all parties have had a fair hearing."

Last week I pointed out how the gulf between the peer and the peri is being gradually bridged. Several months ago I described the performance of the Earl of Rosslyn in "Ciste"; I have referred to the appearance of the Earl of Yarmouth, the Marquis of Wentford's son, as a skint-dancer in Australia; and now a new opera, "Lelamine," has been produced by amateurs in Melbourne, in which the Earl of Shaftesbury took a prominent part. This is the first opera that has first seen the light in Australia. It was patronised by the Governor and Lady Musgrave, and, apparently, has created quite a flutter. The scene is laid in a small fishing-village in Brittany, where Lelamine, the heroine, meets her lover, Theodore, so casuarily that he enlists. Lelamine pines for five long years, but at last Theodore returns as a gallant captain and claims his long-lost love. Lord Shaftesbury, who has already figured on the concert-platform in Australia, made a splendid-looking soldier and delivered his songs with capital effect. Miss Annie Muir was Lelamine, and her maid was represented by Miss Rose Musgrave, a daughter of the well-known theatrical manager. The opera, which was written by Mr. Krouse and composed by Mr. Alfred Moulton, will be taken up by a professional company.

An Englishman in Virginia writes me how delighted he was

to find on the programme of Hooley's Theatre at Chicago a request that ladies would remove their hats during the performance. "All the ladies on taking their seats removed their hats, with the exception of three, that I could see, and the advantage was so great, and, I am sure, so apparent, that no one will ever think of wearing hats in the theatre again."

No sentimental tears need be shed, no lamentations need be uttered, by the Jeremiahs who find their occupation in "Vanishing London," over the impending fate of Bozier's Court, which will be swept away by the improvements about to take place at the junction of Tottenham Court Road with Oxford Street. History seems to be silent as to the date at which this unattractive Court, at present occupied by a hairdresser and an oyster-purveyor, sprang into an inconvenient and hideous existence. Reference to maps of London of thirty, sixty, and a hundred years ago has not been rewarded by even a mention of its existence, and when it has passed away there will be little or nothing to recall its memories to the student of Metropolitan street changes. Hanway Street, however, which is its immediate neighbour, though hardly to be considered a thing of beauty, has certain associations that may well be remembered by lovers of English literature. Hanway Street was once known as Hanway Yard, called by the vulgar, for some forgotten reason, "Hanover Yard," and before New Oxford Street was opened it formed part of the most direct route to Bloomsbury and Holborn; and here, in the summer of 1805, William Godwin commenced business as a bookseller at a little house for which he paid forty pounds a year, and here he published his "Fables," the "Pantheon," and some of his "Histories for the Young." Hanway Street is mentioned by Nollekens, the sculptor, who recollects "thirteen large and fine walnut-trees" that stood hard by the Castle Inn, close to the Star Brewery. The walnut-trees, alas! have vanished, and their existence is not even preserved in the nomenclature of the streets and yards of this bustling neighbourhood.

The local authorities at our summer resorts might take a hint from the way they manage things at Homburg. Life in that delectable spot seems to consist of taking periodical small glasses of the waters and walking off the effects. Walks being thus a more important feature of existence at Homburg than elsewhere, an ingenious member of a pedestrian club has carried out a really excellent method of guiding visitors about the neighbourhood. On a small map the various routes, and they are many, are marked in distinctive colours—blue dots, red crosses, green arrows, and so on; you go to the starting-point and find that corresponding marks adorn the walls, trees, palings, and other fixtures along the route, so that you may, map in pocket, wander where you will in the comfortable certainty of finding your way back, either by the track you have selected or by another that may cross it. The scheme is carried out with characteristic German thoroughness: if the guiding mark occurs at a point which might leave you in doubt, you are absolutely sure to see, a few yards on, another which makes the path certain. The high-roads are avoided, and the whole of the maze of "walks," varying in length from two or three miles to fifteen, are mapped out with an eye to the scenery. This strikes me as a delightfully unobtrusive method of steering the stranger, and one that might be adopted in many places in this country with great advantage to the tourist.

Photo by Miss Annie Muir.



Lelamine (The Earl of Shaftesbury).

Lelamine and her colleagues.

Photo by Johnstone & Hammessy and Co., Melbourne.

Among all the American women who have become absorbed in English society none have been more stately and handsome than Mrs. George N. Curzon, who was Miss Mary Victoria Leiter, of Chicago and Washington. Like many Americans of wealth, her people were of humble origin. Mr. Z. Leiter, Mrs. Curzon's father, began at the very bottom of the ladder, as they say in America, and by persistence and hard work won his way to wealth and position. He was at first a



HON. MRS. CURZON.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

salesman in one of the large dry-goods shops of Chicago, and sold ribbons and calico and hosiery. He was trustworthy, honest, and of a saving disposition, and he was promoted by his firm from one position to another, and finally was admitted as a partner. His shrewdness and keen business instincts led him to fruitful investments, and he became the head of the firm of Leiter, Field, and Co., the largest dry-goods shop in the United States at that time. It is now Field, Marshall, and Co., Mr. Leiter having withdrawn from trade. The family moved to Washington, and built the handsomest mansion in that city of mansions, and the fame of the Leiter entertainments spread far and wide, for they were princely affairs. The family took a villa at Newport, that exclusive summer watering-place of New York's "Four Hundred"; but the Leiters were not well received, the charmed inner circle of society being closed to them. Since Miss Leiter's brilliant marriage to Mr. Curzon the family has lived principally abroad; but if they chose now to enter the exclusive society of Newport or New York the doors would doubtless be opened to them. Mr. Leiter has a fortune of twenty million dollars, and Mrs. Curzon's dowry was three million. Mrs. Curzon was very carefully educated, and is a brilliant and accomplished woman.

While we over here are more or less opposing the idea of Woman Suffrage, a number of American girls have proved that they, at any rate, are quite able to govern themselves with great success, and a very interesting experiment has just been tried, with happy results, at Rosemary Hall, Wallingford. This republic of girls possesses a constitution which provides for the vesting of authority in a committee of students, the Principal of the College reserving to herself a power of veto. To all intents and purposes, the management of Rosemary Hall strongly recalls the British form of Government. The ruling committee is composed of five girls, chosen every fourth Saturday by ballot. No girl is entitled to be a committee-woman until she has attained the age of fifteen; but it is significant that even those under that age are entitled to full vote. The professors have the privilege, but not the obligation, of attendance at the meetings and voting, and it is certainly a sign of the times that the committee are specially compelled by the rules originally drawn up by the whole College to provide for the health of the students, and to ensure the good repute of the school. It will be very interesting to note the ultimate development of those who form part of this novel but very successful feminine phalanstery.

Once more the name of Smith proves itself well to the fore. A certain Mr. W. G. Smith, of Milwaukee, has invented a new diving-bell which is arousing very great interest in naval circles on both sides of the Atlantic. Until this Smith bell was tried on Lake Huron, the greatest depth ever attained by a diving-bell had been a hundred and seventy-one feet; but with this new monster of the deep a party of six men have remained under water for six hours at a depth of two hundred and fifty feet. The bell is only so-called by courtesy, for it is a cylindrical-shaped steel tube, eight feet high and six feet in diameter. The steel is one inch thick, and the tube is arched at the top and bottom. It is fitted with glass windows, which have been tested to withstand a pressure to which it is never likely to be put. Should, however, a window break, an automatic attachment will close immediately, without allowing any water to enter the compartment. There are four air-pipes, which connect with the surface, also a telephone. But the most remarkable thing about this new diving-bell is the arrangement which makes it possible to move it about at the bottom of the sea independently of any cable, for worked from the interior are several long claws or legs, which not only move the machine along, but can manipulate any tool it is desired to use, and be used to lift enormous weights. The Smith bell is just about to try a very interesting experiment—that of raising the valuable cargo of the *Petocabic*, a huge steamer sunk in Lake Huron thirty-two years ago.

It is certainly a high testimonial to the efficient character of the schools in Golspie that the papers which seven school-children of that Sutherlandshire village wrote for Mr. Nicholson, Bodley Librarian, on the superstitions and legends of the locality, with a description of the games and rhymes sung with them, are about to be published by Mr. Nutt. Mr. Nicholson has edited the papers, *without altering a word*, it is stated, supplied an introduction dealing with the history and antiquities of the neighbourhood, and appended the music of the game rhymes. The children of the Duchess of Sutherland, it might be stated, when the family is resident at Dunrobin Castle, which is close to Golspie, attend one of the public schools there.

Miss Ernestine Walter began her career as a musician. She soon, however, discovered that in her voice lay the chances of fortune, and took up concert work, in which line she received great encouragement and praise from Mr. Manns after singing at one of the Crystal Palace concerts. Miss Walter made her débüt in light opera as Constance in "The Sorcerer," which play was acted for one week in Bath for the benefit of the hospital. After this she played Christina in "His



MISS ERNESTINE WALTER AS CHRISTINA IN "HIS EXCELLENCY."
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Excellency" on tour for nine months. She has just concluded her third tour as Germaine in "Les Cloches de Corneville." She has, during her two years of theatrical life, visited most of the large towns of England, Cambridge included, where her reception was of the good old-fashioned sort accorded before debatable degrees disturbed the scholastic mind.

Chang Yen Hoon, the Chinese official of high rank who was specially selected by the Emperor to be his representative for the recent Diamond Jubilee Celebration, has more valid claims than any accidental honour of that sort to rank as a statesman. During more than twenty years he has taken an active and honourable part in the conduct of the foreign affairs of China, and at that country possesses at this moment a carefully trained and fully qualified diplomatist who could worthily represent her at a conference, it is the gentleman whose portrait is given herewith. Chang, originally Chinese, had himself as Minister at Washington when he succeeded in inducing the American Government to pass two resolutions for amends inflicted on Chinese in the Far West. He returned to China with a great reputation, and was rewarded with a seat on the Tsungli Yamen, or Chinese Foreign Office. In that post, which he still holds, he has gained a high reputation for tact and close attention to his duties. He is also well known as the only member of the Board with a favourable bias towards this country, and this is the more important as the public voice, as well as Imperial favour, designates him as Li Hung-Chang's successor.

People, I hardly know why, are apt to consider the peer whose fortunes have been founded on beer as a parvenu, a *mauvais millet*; but this certainly was not the case with the late Lord Alcock, for the family of Alcock, or Alson, can show a family-tree whose roots extend in a manner that would be considered respectable even by a Welshman or by one of those historic British families to whom many of our ancient heroes are but as nothing. As far back as the reign of Henry II. an Alcock held the half and village of Alcock in Derbyshire, and for how long previous to that time Alcocks had existed unknown to fame history saith not, but probably for generations, and for many a generation Alcocks of Alcock-earl-Dale helped in one way or another to make the history of their country. The Alcock more immediately connected with the great brewing interest which some years back was turned into a company, and, after much "soul and fury" among its shareholders and much depression in its shares, has safely weathered the storm and maintains the historic reputation of Alcock's, also, was Samuel Alcock, of Burton-on-Trent, who was the father of Sir Henry Alcock, the first Lord Alcock, and grandfather of the peer who has just passed away at the early age of fifty-five.

The Rev. William James Jenkins, late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and Rector of Willingham, Lincolnshire, is dead, and the guilty off the London magistrate is called for the name. He was born at Silloth, within a year or two of the Little Princess Victoria's historic visit, and began his career by being inflicted at Willingham for a breach of Church discipline. When he came to town and began a long attack on railway, bus, and tram companies and on cabmen. His actions, which pleased himself, amused and even banished his fellows, for he got increased facilities for all travellers upon the Great Northern and Midland lines to and from the City. Through him advertisements were placed outside theatres, advertisements were partially removed from his windows, and the Home Office issued an order as to accepting the Scottish form of taking the oath. He was very argumentative, and never walked abroad unless provided with a few copies of Acts of Parliament ready for production in argument with railway guards, bus and tram conductors, or any man who got into a discussion with him. The fact that the chief of his complaint explains a good deal. He was buried on Wednesday, in his simple.



REV. W. J. JENKINS, THE RECTOR.
COURTESY OF THE TIMES.

The public unfortunate enough to be held in his power, during the controversies on the Compensation for Accidents Bill, was Mr. Cripps.

It may be said that no other new member on the Unionist side has made so much progress during the present Parliament. Mr. Cripps, like Sir William Harcourt, gave up a lucrative practice at the Parliamentary Bar for the sake of a seat on the green benches. Ambition of this sort is not always justified. At least one lawyer within recent times returned from an inappreciative House to the Parliamentary Bar which he had left some years previously. But Mr. Cripps is determined to take a prominent part in politics, and with his abilities and advantages he may go far. His deep chin, and thin, intellectual face have become quite familiar behind the Treasury Bench. A pleasant, almost boyish, manner atones to some extent for a broken voice. Mr. Cripps gets up a case for debate as conscientiously as he prepared his cases for the Committees "upstairs," and he shows no fear either of the confident arguments or of the reproachful shoulders of the Ministers behind whom he sits. As Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, a post in which he succeeded Lord James, Mr. Cripps has an enviable social position. His late wife was the sixth daughter of Mr. Richard Potter. Two of her sisters are married to Liberal-Unionist members, Mr. Courtney and Mr. Hobhouse. Another is Mrs. Sidney Webb.

Sir James Joyce is another member who has played a bold part in the criticism of the Compensation for Accidents Bill. Along with Mr. Bainbridge he dared to plead the cause of the employers from the Liberal benches. Sir James is one of the largest coal-owners in the North of England, and it is estimated that the Compensation Bill will cost him several thousands a-year. Yet his criticism has never been bitter. It has always been good-natured, and at the end of a speech from the employer's standpoint the wealthy baronet has sometimes privately carried on the argument in an amiable manner with one of the Labour representatives from the North-East. With

these members he has con-
tinued on the most friendly
terms. Sir James Joyce has
done service to his party by
running a daily paper against
Mr. Joseph Cowen's at
Newcastle. He does not
pose, however, in a news-
paper capacity. Certain
other newspaper proprietors
in the House give news
when they can, and write
articles and paragraphs.
Not so Sir James Joyce.
He takes, no doubt, great
interest in the fortunes of
his journal; but he does
not sink the member in the
newspaper proprietor.

On Tuesday morning
last week the poster which
I reproduce here was hung
outside the Haymarket
Theatre. The house was
not full, so that the early
hour or the exorbitant price
of admission militated
against a good greeting to
Mr. Barrie. In fact, only half-a-dozen people were present. Of course,
the whole performance was a sine qua non to satisfy the copyright law's idiotic
requirements. The cast was as follows—

Lord Blandford	Mr. J. M. Barrie.
Captain Bellaville	Miss Editha Newing Davis.
Gavin Mander	"The Little Minister"	Mr. Cyril Maude.
James Whamond	Mr. Dawson Thomas.
Hobson	Miss Sophie Wharton.
Sir Harry Hobson	Mr. J. M. Barrie.
Joe Criddlebanks	Mr. A. Non.
Andrea Medallor	Mr. William Gaze.
Silvia Patti	Mr. William Gaze.
Sergeant Purvison	Mr. Charles Brewster.
Thibault	Mr. Cyril Maude.
John	Mr. Andrew Birrell.
Alfred How	Miss Sophie Wharton.
Nannie Webster	Miss G. Davis.
Hilda	Miss Kate Davis.
Julian	Miss J. M. Barrie.

Joe Criddlebanks, you will observe, was represented by A. Non. Is this a print for "A Non?" And was "A Non" Mr. Hobson's Nellie, one of Mr. Barrie's earliest admirers? If not, he should have been. It was a swan-like copyright performance in the same theatre. The play was Mr. Hall Caine's "The Little Minister," and the cast dwindled down at last to Mr. Zangwill. So far as I know, that was the only performance of "The Little Minister" that was ever given. I note that the Maudes are going to take their holiday in Scotland. But, unless they are very clever, they won't make much of the Maude in that time. I should have thought that Mr. J. B. Gordon, who made such a hit as the Seats collector in "The Irish Gentleman," would have been a great acquisition to the cast, for his dialect is admirable.



TO-DAY
TUESDAY, JULY 13th, 1897
AT 10.30.

Will be presented (for the first time) in New Play,
in Four Acts.

THE LITTLE
MINISTER

By J. M. BARRIE.

Admission: ONE SHILLING

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THE CHARMS OF CONNEMARA.

Photographs by Welch, Belfast.

GOATS FOR TRADE.



MICK MCQUAID'S CABIN, LOUGH SHINNVALLAGH.

THE BARGE RACE ON THE THAMES.

Amid the numerous sailing competitions on the Thames, none is more popular perhaps than the Sailing Barge match which was instituted as an



THE "HAUGHTY BELLE" AND THE "GIRALDA."

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

The victory of the Cornell boat in the Inter-University race which was rowed on the Hudson on June 26, and in which Yale and Harvard were



THE "VICTORIA."

annual affair rather more than thirty years ago. Of recent years a great improvement has taken place in sailing barges, and last year's champion, the *Haughty Belle*, which was considered a perfect boat, found two more than rivals in *Giralda* and *Satanita* in the encounter which has just taken place. It may well surprise the unenlightened to hear that the match was decided amid all the shipping which crowds the mouth of the Thames between Gravesend and Sheerness, but this rather adds to the excitement of the affair than otherwise. In the class of champion topsail barges not exceeding 65 tons register eleven boats started, no fewer than five belonging to Messrs. E. J. and W. Goldsmith, who carried off all the prizes with *Giralda*, *Satanita*, and *Haughty Belle*. Mr. Henry Austen's *Victoria* was fourth. In the second-class competition the same owners also won with *Pastime*. In addition to these regular prizes, an insurance company has given a "Diamond Jubilee" cup, value £100, to be won twice in succession by the same barge, and another gold cup, value 125 guineas, was won outright by the *Giralda*. Mr. Cecil Long was commodore. The attractions might well have brought out a larger number of competitors than they did.



ROUNDING THE COMMODORE'S BOAT.

defeated, has resulted in a curious homily on the styles of rowing. Cornell was coached with a purely American stroke by Mr. Charles E. Courtney, who has been rowing for nearly twenty years. Mr. Rudolf Lehmann taught the Harvard men the English stroke, while Mr. Cork trained Yale to an Anglo-American stroke. That Mr. Courtney has evolved a better method than the English is an inference which cannot be either confirmed or refuted easily and quickly. Conditions of tide, current, wind and water quality differ so widely that the test of time is almost worthless. The Lehmann stroke has uniformly won in England against American crews pulling different strokes, but it might not serve an English crew rowing in America after only a few weeks of preparation there. There was a wonderful combination of ease and power in the Cornell boat. There was far less strength than in either the Yale or Harvard boat, but far more net propelling energy went into the blades of the oars, and when all was over there was a large supply of the original stock in reserve. Yale rowed the race out with characteristic endurance, but they had had enough, while Harvard was all abroad in the last mile, and at the end made a melancholy show.



THE "VICTORIA"



THE "HAUGHTY BELLE."

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

Photographs by James Burton, New York.THE CORNELL CREW, WHO WON: AVERAGE WEIGHT OF CREW, $160\frac{1}{2}$ POUNDS.THE YALE CREW: AVERAGE WEIGHT, $171\frac{1}{4}$ POUNDS.THE HARVARD CREW: AVERAGE WEIGHT, $167\frac{1}{2}$ POUNDS.



THE STORY OF BHANAVAR. By GEORGE MEREDITH. (No. 5.)

BHANAVAR TAKES RUARK CAPTIVE.

And he cried again, "Bhanavar, Bhanavar!" and was as one stricken by a shaft of magic. Then Bhanavar threw on him certain of the horsemen with her, and he suffered them without a sign to surround him and grasp his mare by the bridle-rein and bring him disarmed before the Queen.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Under a tree on a Surrey lawn I listen to gipsy music played by Hungarian minstrels who are clad in picturesque costume, described by a neighbouring scoffer as "bath-towel and top-boots." The music quivers with the zest of life; the leader of the band discourses melody to us with every fibre of his body; one of his companions, who is performing on some wind-instrument, looks like a pipe for Fortune's finger to play what stop she may. He is so inflated in his voluminous trappings that, if you were to touch him anywhere, I believe he would straightway respond with mellow chords. There are many listeners in piquant draperies; there are many more who have served a long apprenticeship to the prosaic, and bear its symbol on their heads in the shape of the conventional hat. We are a dozen miles from town; there is haymaking in a meadow hard by; some cows, startled out of rumination by the unwonted assemblage, are prancing in an adjoining pasture; the soul of the Danube is exhaled from violin and bassoon; and yet here are men, not all incapable of poetry, blotting the landscape with the tribal hat of the London citizen!

I am told that you cannot appreciate the gipsy musician till you hear him in his own land. At Buda-Pesth it is a pleasant device to get drunk on music. A Hungarian who wants to make a night of it seats himself near the band, and beckons one of the players. The musician steps quietly from his place, brings his violin within a few inches of his client's ear, and, without detaching himself from the concert, throws such spirit, magnetism, nervous force, what you will, into his playing that his special auditor becomes intoxicated, lavishes all the money he has about him on this Orpheus, and, with madness bursting in his veins, hies him to love, murder, and other violent delights. I should like to see the experiment tried on this company of seasoned editors, staid men of science, crusted politicians, and colonial magnates, who grace the Surrey lawn. It might take a little time to leaven the mass; the first musical tippler would probably sit down and strive hard to keep a shame-faced deportment; but when he had a few companions, the infection of mad gaiety would break down reserve; somebody would start a bacchanal dance; spectacled orbs would gleam with pent-up fires; and the tribal hat would bound over the turf, pursued by a fanaticism unknown even in professional football. This may be an extravagant picture. Perhaps all the magic of Buda-Pesth could never stir the unfathomed depths of a British garden-party. Perhaps there are no depths save in gentle bosoms craving for the suffrage, and moved to indignation by the callous guile which lies not very deep beneath the surface of a frock-coat.

This lack of romance is significant in a country where Mr. Augustine Birrell publicly reproves the people who don't read novels, and where Mr. Mallock lectures on the necessity of basing marriage on purely worldly considerations. It is said of the Queen that, before she came to the throne, her mother would not allow her to read Scott. No sooner was she crowned than she summoned a Gold-Stick-in-Waiting, and said, "Am I not Queen of England? Bring me the Waverley novels!" Fancy the emotions of the Gold Stick when, with forty volumes in his arms, he tottered into the presence of his Sovereign, and, sinking on one knee as gracefully as his burden would permit, laid the forbidden treasure at her feet! Fancy the maternal woe of the Duchess of Kent! Did she weep in private, and prophesy the worst? I well remember how, at the age of fourteen, I read all the Waverley novels in a garden, and was rapt from the concerns of common life, except some very fine red currants which grew within easy reach. I never eat red currants now without recalling the stained fingers which turned the pages of "Rob Roy" a livelong summer's day. What refreshed the Queen, I wonder, when she wandered through the same beautiful world of imagination? Were the red currants served to her on gold plate? I like to think of her sitting at the Council-board with the "Heart of Midlothian" in her lap, and musing on Jeanie Deans while her advisers talked of dull affairs of State. Well, the worst that happened to me after reading Scott was that for a long time I could not bear any story so modern that the hero was a commonplace "Mr."; and, as far as I may presume to judge from certain portraits, the worst that happened to her Majesty was that, when riding on horseback, she had a fancy for looking like Diana Vernon.

But now we are lectured by Mr. Mallock on the imprudence of the romantic temperament; there is a wail from the publishers over a desperately poor season for fiction; even the theatre offers a very scanty

nutriment of fancy; and a Colonial Premier deplores the unwillingness of our daughters to learn cookery and the art of mending clothes. Where has that observant man noticed this defect in the education of young women? Did he expect to see the windows on Jubilee Day full of girls waving darning-needles? Has he been pained by the absence of knitting from garden-parties? Have the ladies he has taken down to dinner confessed to him that they never use a thimble? Has he criticised our cookery from the standard of New South Wales? Is it possible that he has found no fair hand to retrieve his vagabond buttons? Well, one colony has given us an ironclad; perhaps another will send us a contingent of seamstresses, while a third reforms our kitchens! The poor old Mother Country has forgotten how to stitch, and will soon be unable to distinguish between a saucepan and a gridiron. Do we not import cooks from France? If we must have instruction in the cuisine, why not take it from the colonics? It is discreditable to be taught by the foreigner when we can season the unity of the Empire with colonial sauces!

But if Australia darns our stockings, and an Imperial Zollverein cooks our meals, will this system give us romance? When Ibsen is edited as a birthday-book, the romantic possibilities of our helpless islands are not robust. Hitherto, the birthday-book has been a sheet-anchor to the poetic mind. I turn to Shakspere, and find the day of my nativity consecrated by a quotation which, though possibly irrelevant, is at least an uplifting of the soul. I seek similar comfort in the birthday Ibsen, and I read this: "Another time I should advise you young ladies not to talk so loud when I'm sitting dozing in the bay-window." This is a clear hint that I have reached that stage of life when a man goes to sleep at his club in the afternoon! There's an element of truth in this—you always have that horrid element in Ibsen—but where is the birthday poetry on which I have been nurtured? Where are the young ladies? Cruel mirage! If your birthday happens to be the thirteenth of July, this is your discipline: "Anyhow, you've an ingrained propensity for going your own way." You may say with justice that by putting a penny in the slot of the automatic fortune-teller you will extract some message quite as brilliant and equally impertinent!

Dyspeptic persons who were born on January 17 will ponder this medical advice: "Looking at pictures is good for the digestion." A suffering man, who has heard that Ibsen is a realist, may take this literally. Millionaires, whose internal economy is deranged, will buy pictures at Christie's, and stare at them every day for half an hour before meals. A habit acquired by intimacy with other medicines may cause absent-minded citizens to shake a picture before looking at it. But if the dyspeptic man's birthday should fall on January 15, he may be tempted to gluttony by the injunction that "with a little goodwill one can get through an astonishing lot in three hours," especially as this is a quotation from the "Wild Duck." Now and then the birthday Ibsen flashes upon you a happy image. "Your lips are princely spendthrifts of praise, beloved of my soul!" But the same page lapses into this profundity of commonplace: "Whatever is helpful to you is good. Whatever lays stumbling-blocks in your path is evil." Such passages give no idea of Ibsen's power, which lies in dramatic scenes, not in isolated sayings. The situation when Stockman says, "One ought never to put on one's best trousers when one goes fighting for liberty and truth," makes this a delightful stroke of whimsical humour; but, printed as a detached aphorism, it seems childish.

Even our emblems of the bygone spirit of romance are in danger. I never look at the monuments of naval and military heroes in the Abbey and St. Paul's without respect for the national imagination which saw nothing ridiculous in these effigies of warriors in classic attitudes receiving celestial congratulations from goddesses who drop wreaths or blow trumpets. The Dean of St. Paul's lately proposed to remove from the Cathedral a memorial of an old sea-dog, on the plea that a naval officer "making love to Victory over a gun" was not a "suitable monument for a church." Well, the old romance was fond of using churches for the commemoration of doughty deeds in pagan statuary. If this seem incongruous now, our age is full of incongruities which have no such quaint historic charm to commend them to posterity. Let us preserve our romantic reliques even when we have to make some sacrifice of humour to do them reverence. If one of the celebrated men invited to the Grafton Gallery by the hundred celebrated women chanced to be a sculptor, I hope he will transmute the material associations of a dinner into a chaste design which shall show us the tyrant man wooing the Graces over a *menu*.

NEW ZEALAND SHEEP-DOGS.

New Zealand is a country that relies largely upon the labour of dogs as opposed to the toil of men. The mental attitude that the dogs in this little colony have attained renders them a direct factor in a system of economy that is drastic and far-reaching. A man with several dogs, trained one and all to a proper pitch, can cope with the duties of a large number of men without dogs in any work that is purely pastoral. The bulk of New Zealand interests lie in either a pastoral or an agricultural direction, and the chief revenue from native industries centres in the manufacture of wool. With sixteen million sheep, as an average aggregate for the current financial year, that have borne eighty million pounds (avoirdupois) of wool, steady, remunerative employment is given to a vast body of men whose valuation in the labour market is enhanced by the skill of the sheep-dogs in their possession.

Flat country and mountains are the two great physical features of New Zealand. Flat country is generally described as "plains," although this denotes no verbal contrast to the locality of the mountains that are found "up in the backs." Dogs reared on the "plains," and accustomed to that class of country, initially are at a disadvantage when worked "along the tops." Their pads, fresh from the grassy evenness of the plains, are lacerated by the silicious surface of the shingled "facings."

The dogs used in this colony on sheep-farms are selected from Scots and German collies and the Smithfield sheep-dog, and vary as much in size and class as they do in price. A dog fitted for the capabilities of a small farm could be purchased for a sovereign, while men who are in residence on back-country stations of 200,000 acres repeatedly pay from ten to fifteen pounds for their fancy. Five pounds is a good price for the average animal, but new-comers to the country—"new chums," as they are dubbed—are induced to pay more, and suffer. Experience is a priceless commodity, and it is well to employ it when obtaining a dog. It takes a dog a little time to "cotton on" to the ways of a new "boss," but, once he understands, he endeavours his utmost to give satisfaction.

It is somewhat surprising that, after the rough-and-tumble life they lead, they do not exhibit signs of decay at an earlier age. The limit of years when their work yet retains the sterling worth of their youth is about half a score, perhaps a year or two less. The first twelve months they are left to shape themselves, though, of course, any egregious error is summarily corrected. After that, the shepherd settles down to earnest training, and their life just then is not quite a merry one. At two years old they should have picked up all the wrinkles of the trade, and in the hands of an able instructor that is customarily the case. From two years old till eight years has been reached the dog puts forth his mettle, but that is the turning-point—thence he develops



CAMP OF SHEEP-MUSTERS. NEW ZEALAND.

Work for sheep-dogs is incessant. The four annual events of mustering are the sole periods, however, when they get spells of absolutely bard work, unless the shepherd is boundary-keeping. In this event, the dogs are employed daily. The musters are named Shearing Muster (November), Stragglers' Muster (February), Weaning Muster (March), Autumn Muster (May). The muster of every sheep on the run is imperative, and those are rare exceptions where less than four musters are deemed sufficient. The musters frequent districts, and proceed from run to run till the muster is completed. In the interval of mustering the men follow their proper trades, if they have adopted any, or accept whatever chances. A muster is arranged on recognised lines. As nearly as possible the men work in a line, within sight of each other, and on a previously discussed "beat." The top man drives the sheep gradually down to the man below him, who passes them on till they reach the man working the flats. There is no precise rule, as each man can keep his mob of sheep till the beat is mustered.

All this time the dogs have been working in every course on the beat, not *en masse*, but each in his own sphere, as the shepherd commands. Should he have half-a-dozen dogs, they would comprise two "heading" or "leading" dogs, two "driving" or "hounds," and two "handy" dogs. The "handy" dog is a dog able to turn its attention with equal exactness to anything. To a spectator, a muster discloses a depth of reasoning in dogs that is wholly dormant at other moments. It rouses all their latent acuteness. The dog grasps in a moment what he has to do, and does it. There is little caving; once his education is accomplished, his owner can depend upon him in any crisis.

recklessness, his life is full of blunders. It is then better to destroy him, or relegate him to minor duties.

The theory of feeding the dog in New Zealand is radically different from any system in vogue in England. It goes by no rule-of-thumb, but is the outcome of matured knowledge. *In esse* most men are in unison, but not *in toto*. The divergence is in the amount. Some feed the dog twice a-week, others every other day, few daily, especially where the "dog's tucker" is raw meat *pure et simple*. Raw meat is the chief diet, and the animals are exempt from eczema and kindred ailments.

Hydrophobia is unknown. In the history of the colony there has never been a single case of rabies. In summer the heat is so oppressive that dogs have dropped from its intensity, requiring to be plunged into water before recovery. The regulations regarding the importation of dogs are most stringent. A six months' quarantine is rigorously enforced, at a cost to the owner of fifteen pounds. The passage from Europe costs ten pounds. The dog-tax per head is of a somewhat lower rate than in England. The dogs are registered by numbered collars. Muzzles are not essential.

The rapid, constant exercise proves an admirable blood-tonic. The dogs are housed out of doors, and chiefly kept on the chain. Their lives are the lives of dogs, and they are not spoilt by pampering and unkindly kindness. In England it is the fashion to believe that kindness begets faithfulness and affection. In New Zealand dogs are faithful, even affectionate, and little kindness is ever displayed towards them. The treatment accorded them is judicious impartiality and grim firmness.

J. ANGUS HAMILTON.



A MUSTERER AND HIS DOGS RESTING.



SHEEP MUSTERING.

THE FRENCH SHEEP-DOG.

The French farmer has suddenly become aware that the sheep-dog has not obtained quite as much attention as is his due. Accordingly, M. Emmanuel Boulet has founded the Sheep-Dog Club, and among the hundreds of members may be counted not only all the well-known French agriculturists, but countless shepherds and others interested more or less directly in sheep-farming. The Minister of Agriculture very sensibly decided that the best way in which to add to the practical utility of the Club, and also to spread its fame abroad, was to organise not only Sheep-Dog Shows, but also a series of practical demonstrations which would prove the various ways in which the sheep-dog does his duty. These very interesting experiments were first tried last year at the great Sheep-Dog Show held near Chartres, and the results provoked so much interest, and were so successful, that this year it was determined that the "Concours" should take place at Angerville, in the fertile plains of Beauce, a district familiar to all readers of Zola's grim study, "La Terre."

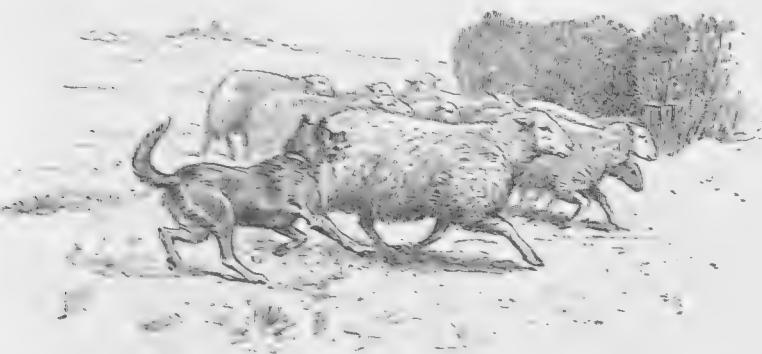
The Beauce grass-lands and downs may be said to be the natural home of the French sheep-dog; there are to be found all the ancient traditions transmitted through generations of farmers. There was a time when each province had a special breed of sheep-dog, but the *chien de Beauce* was always admitted to be the king of them all, both as regards intelligence and superiority of methods. The show, which lasted only one day, was very successful, and to the English visitor it appeared a very quaint affair compared with the great British dog-shows. The Mayor of Angerville, accompanied by the local band, received a number of distinguished visitors from Paris. The proceedings began at nine o'clock in the morning, and the exhibits were first judged according to their beauty of form and colouring; then, after one of those hearty lunches for which Beauce is famous, everyone adjourned to a large field, where two or three small flocks of sheep were waiting to take their part in the more exciting and interesting portion of the competitions. Here an artificial road, full of obstacles, had been prepared, and along it each of the sheep-dogs was expected to lead his flock, coaxing or driving, as the case might be. Thirty-two exhibits took part in the competition, but, sad to say, very few went through the trial without making any mistakes. The sheep proved violently unwilling to enter into the spirit of the thing. They rushed among the spectators, escaped from their lawful guardians, and entirely refused to follow their



A BEAUCHE DOG.

leaders, and then it was that the immense superiority and intelligence of certain of the dogs showed very remarkably.

It should be premised that the ideal sheep-dog is a patient, good-tempered animal, holding his charges in something approaching affectionate contempt. He knows it is no use to hurry them, but seizes the psychological moment in which to drive them back, kindly but firmly, to the right path. Above all, he never seizes them by the leg; to do so might endanger a future *gigot*. If, on the other hand, the dog finds himself absolutely obliged to use physical force, he must seize the sheep by what is styled in France the latter's *chignon*; that is, slightly above the neck. This portion of the show lasted the whole afternoon, and afterwards the results were declared and the prizes distributed.



THE WRONG WAY.

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CURIOUS NESTS.

Abnormal nests are less common than curious nesting-sites, but are, perhaps, equally interesting to ornithologists. The most singular nest I ever saw was that of the common crow of India (*Corvus splendens*), which was taken from a mango-tree in the yard of a Rangoon chemist. It was constructed exclusively of wires from soda-water bottles which had been thrown out with other rubbish. The way in which the birds had straightened and manipulated the distorted pieces, so that no stray end should protrude and injure the eggs or the sitting hen, was worthy the ingenuity of the crow. The bird was allowed to lay four eggs as a guarantee that the structure was finished, and that no internal fittings, such as straw or shreds of coir, of which any quantity was accessible, would be used. When taken, the nest was weighed, and scaled a little over half-a-pound, representing about three hundred wires; it found the home it deserved in the Calcutta Museum.

A somewhat similar case occurred in Bombay a couple of years ago. An optician missed several pairs of gold and silver spectacle-frames from the stock given out to his native workmen, and, excusably enough, suspected these to be the thieves; his headman, however, begged that the suspects might not be discharged till he, the headman, had verified his own suspicion that a crow was responsible. Watch was kept, and two birds were seen to enter by the window

soon after daybreak and make off with a spectacle-frame apiece. The nest was soon discovered, and, among the assorted odds and ends which formed the foundation, seventeen pairs of spectacle-frames, gold, silver, and steel, were found. It was suggested to the optician that he should present the nest to the museum of the Bombay Natural History Society, but he explained that "business did not run to it." Had the crows been content with common steel frames he might have considered the proposition. Larcenous practices of this kind are usually abjured by well-conducted British birds, except the magpie and jackdaw; but a lamentable example of falling from grace is recorded of the thrush. An honest laundress of Langholm missed from the hedge, whereon she had hung them to bleach, a number of collars. She blamed the tramps, and chose another place to hang "the wash," but again collars were missed. They had been misappropriated by a thrush, which had used them to make the foundation of her nest in the fork of an ash which stood close to the laundress's garden.

On the other hand, birds frequently display great lack of discretion in selecting materials for the lining of their nests. Young swallows, starlings,



A BRIE DOG.



THE RIGHT WAY.

blackbirds, and sparrows have been held captive long after the time when they should have flown, the string, worsted, or thread used by their short-sighted parents in building having ensnared them by the legs; but these mistakes perhaps can hardly be placed under curiosities of nest-building; for one thing, they are too common. Birds which are never likely to fall into mistakes of this kind are the waders, many of which are content to lay their eggs in the merest scraping in the sand, a scraping so slight that it would be flattery to compare its depth with that of a saucer. The nest of the Ringed Plover is simplicity itself. The young can run as soon as they emerge from the egg, and in colour so closely resemble the sand that when they are still it is almost impossible to detect them.

JULY 21, 1897

THE SKETCH.

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A TINY VICTORIAN BELLE.

PICTURED BY ALFRED ELLIS, OF UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE ART OF THE DAY

Was it Mr. Ruskin or another who was so offended by the effigies of the Renaissance time in Rome—the effigies standing on their marble feet and appealing to the world at large in the manner we know so well—that in an inspiration of wit he declared that as art grew corrupt the very dead rose to their feet in protest? Such a reproach stands very far from the Walmsley Effigy reproduced here, the work of Mr. H. H. Armstead, R.A. It is a fine and solemn work. The recumbent figure covered by loose drapery gives the effect of a repose so absolute that you recognise something of the immutability of death in these grave and ordered features, these resting hands, these still limbs. "Mentem mortalia tangunt." The monument has in it something of the majesty of death.

Another statue reproduced here in black and white, the work of Signor Caccia, exhibited in the Royal Academy, is of a very different character and quality. It is full of alertness and vitality, representing Abraham Lincoln under the general description "From the Wood to the Presidency of U.S.A." Lincoln, a young man, in agricultural costume, is seated in an attitude of contemplation, his book resting on his leg, and his axe against his knee. The head is finely modelled, and the hands are carefully and beautifully executed. The whole suggestion of the figure is one of power and excellent restraint, the body seated in a loose attitude of rest, and the expression of the face is quite beautiful.

Elsewhere Mr. Linley Sambourne's collection of drawings at the Fine Art Society's Rooms receives notice in these columns; in the same gallery hang Mr. Hugh Thomson's charming illustrations of Jane Austen's novels and Austin Dobson's poems. Mr. Thomson is not only an exquisite draughtsman, he is also a serious student of historical manners and modes, and he has in truth put on the spirit of Miss Austen's delicate society like a garment. His line is graceful, his humour charming, and his elegance incomparable. One would like to think of such an artist in such phrases as Miss Evelina Forster used of George Austin—"He was most elegantly pale, wore pink and silver." It is perhaps true that Mr. Thomson occasionally indulges his humour into the ways of the grotesque, and comes a trifle near to caricature at these times; but this is so rare, and even then he is so personal in his humour, that one forgives him almost anything.

In an adjoining room hangs a pretty collection of Mr. Sainton's silver-points, as ever, fantastic, airy, and elf-like. Mr. Sainton is a charming artist, but it is perhaps certain that he cannot be taken in very large quantities. The Duke in "Patience" was fond of toffee, but he did not enjoy that condiment as the staple of every meal—breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. Mr. Sainton's work is, however, beautifully delicate and light; but it is perhaps prudent that his present show should only contain about a baker's dozen specimens of his pencil. A critic has given a responsible opinion that he would like Mr. Sainton's drawings less if they were not so pretty. This is perhaps a little unfair, for part of the very essence of Mr. Sainton's excellence is that they are so pretty. One rather imagines that the critic really meant to say that because they are so pretty he soon tires of them. That is only human perhaps, but Mr. Sainton still remains a delightful artist.

Slowly but surely the National Gallery collection increases in value, and even in importance. During the last twelve months, through the generosity of the Misses Lane, the Gallery has acquired the possession of no fewer than six examples of the art of Gainsborough. Two are landscapes, three are animal subjects, and one is a portrait. "Two Dogs: Tristam and Fox," "Study of an Old Horse," and "Rustics with Donkeys" are the subjects of the animal pictures, and the portrait is of Gainsborough's daughter, who, as a young woman of about twenty years

of age, wears a "black silk mantle, trimmed with black lace, over a white muslin fichu," as a writer in the *Chronicle* describes the millinery of the picture. From the same ladies the National Gallery has also



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—C. CACCIA.
"FROM THE WOOD TO THE PRESIDENCY OF U.S.A."
Exhibited in the Royal Academy.

acquired a portrait of Gainsborough by Zoffany, in which the painter is attired in a dull-red suit, with his hair curled and powdered in the customary last-century fashion.

Dallou's beautiful little fountain behind the Royal Exchange has been renovated. The stone figures of the mother and children had suffered so much from our climate that a bronze casting, made from the original model of the French sculptor, has been substituted.

A new and important fine-art work, containing fifty-one signed artist's proof etchings, representing the most famous of the Somersetshire church-towers, all of which have been drawn and etched specially for this work by E. Piper, a Member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, is announced by Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol. The work will contain a full Introduction and a descriptive article upon each subject by John Lloyd Warden Page, formerly a member of the Somersetshire Archaeological Society, and author of "An Exploration of Exmoor and the Hill Country of West Somerset."



EFFIGY OF MR. WALMSLEY, OF LUCKNUM, CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.—H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A.

The enormous improvement that has taken place in art journals of every kind is conspicuously evidenced in the current issue of the *Artist*. It devotes itself, under the editorship of Mr. Trevor-Battye, to nature-art, dealing with the Swedish artist Bruno Liljeors, whose work is splendidly illustrated. France is represented by M. Harpignies, our own country by Mr. Archibald Thorburn, who is a Dumfries man, while Ruskin is treated at great length, several of his pictures being now reproduced for the first time from the famous collection in Oxford University.

TASMANIA'S PRIME MINISTER.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD BRADDON, K.C.M.G.

A man of fine stature, with a slight but characteristic droop of the shoulders, suggestive of the weight of thought which shines forth from the brows and shows itself illuminated within the expressive eyes, Sir Edward Braddon is a man of distinguished bearing, and has a countenance teeming with intellectuality, yet few men of Sir Edward's eminence in the political world are endowed with such modesty.

"I am happy in representing a Colony which is now enjoying a surplus income," said he to a *Sketch* representative, when taxed as to the financial state of the Colony of Tasmania. "When I first took office it was with the intention of cutting down the expenditure the Government were involved in. I was resolved that we should by degrees pay off our floating debt by payment out of revenue, and determined to borrow only such small sums as were absolutely required for local public works, by money raised upon locally inscribed stock at three per cent. We are now in our third year of surpluses."

"When did you first accept office? I understand that you received your K.C.M.G. in recognition of your Indian services?"

"That is strictly true; but, in the language of Mr. Kipling, 'that is another story,' and I have mentioned my work under Government during the Indian Mutiny, while I was still resident in India, in my book, 'Thirty Years of Shikar.' I first took office in Tasmania in 1887, when, as Leader of the Opposition, I was called upon to form an Administration. In March 1887 I formed an Administration, and in the end of October 1888 I accepted the position of Agent-General for Tasmania. I remained in this country for five years as Agent-General, and returned to Tasmania in December 1893, having been elected unopposed by my constituents during my absence. I met Parliament as Leader of the Opposition in March 1894, and in the April following defeated the Government, and, as Leader of the Opposition, formed an Administration which is now in power in the Colony."

"And you can trust the government in the hands of your colleagues during your absence?"

"Perfectly well. I am here by the will of the people of Tasmania as their representative, with the full understanding that during my absence the Opposition will adopt no opposition tactics against the Government, provided the Treasurer does not deliver the financial statement until my return."

"You had offers of a Cabinet position, had you not, before you actually accepted office in the Colony?"

"Yes; I had three or four offers before, as Leader of the Opposition, I crossed the House with my party."

"You have done a good deal to stop betting in the Colony?"

"I have done something in that way, and have earned for myself, in consequence, the title of the 'Gambling Premier of Australasia.' My Gaming Suppression Bill did away with bookmakers and gambling-shops, but at the same time legalised sweepstakes, under strict regulations—under the strictest regulations, I may say. The Bill did not legalise lotteries at charity bazaars, but upon such occasions it is usual to wink the other eye."

"Just so; the Government could hardly be prepared to regulate the lottery of a doll. So the legalisation of sweepstakes has earned you the name of the 'Gambling Premier'? Now tell me about the various Premiers' Conferences we read about. You have presided upon occasions, have you not?"

"Yes, I have been President at two Conferences of Premiers held at Hobart in '95 and '97, and I was President of the Federal Council, of which I have been appointed a member upon two occasions, during the Session of '95. I was also, together with my colleague, Sir Philip Fysh, elected at the top of the poll of the ten representatives of Tasmania for the Federal Convention held in Adelaide this year."

"I think while you were over in this country as Agent-General you read several papers about the Colony?"

"I read papers about the Colonies at the Royal Colonial Institute, and before the Society of Arts, and elsewhere, during my Agent-Generalship, and received two of the Society of Arts' silver medals for papers read at that Institute. I may add that I was a member of the Council of the Society of Arts, and was a member of the Royal Commission for the Chicago Exhibition."

"And did you not visit Russia during your term as Agent-General?"

"Yes, in '93 I went to Russia as Tasmanian Delegate for the Railway

Congress, and was received with magnificent hospitality. But don't you think I am telling you a great deal about myself and my own doings, and very little about the Colony?"

"By no means; but, as you suggest it, I should be glad to hear something about the climate of Tasmania."

"It is a perfect climate. We have a temperate climate—that which visitors to the Colony are apt to forget in their enthusiasm for our luxuriant growth of foliage and fruit. There are not any fruits grown in this country which can compare with Tasmanian fruit, unless it be the strawberry, which, I am compelled to admit, is of somewhat better flavour over here than in Tasmania. We cannot compete with the English strawberry; but, then, our apples are far ahead of any grown over here, and I should be afraid to state how many thousand bushels are shipped to the Old Country annually. In my leisure hours, when I have any, I delight in nothing more than working hard in my garden on the north-west coast of Tasmania.

"Hard work, you think it? Well, perhaps it is what we call in the Colonies 'hard graft'; but, then, it is so delightful to garden in a country where every rose-bush bears countless perfect blossoms, and where you can have almost tropical growth of tree-ferns and hydrangeas, gladiolas, seringa, and all the sweetest blossoms, without the horrors of a tropical clime. I, with the aid of an occasional professional and more frequent amateur gardener, have entirely made my garden on the wild west coast. It was almost a jungle when I went there years ago, and I had the clearing upon which my house and garden now stand made under my own supervision. I do not think anywhere in the world one could find more varied scenery than is to be seen on the north-west coast of Tasmania. From my rose-garden I can look westward across a wooded valley, through which flows a tidal river to the sea beyond; looking north of west I command a view of a most picturesque coast-line; while if I look southward my eye is met by range upon range of tree-clad hills that rise from the valley of the Forth and are closed in by the loftier peaks of Mount Roland and the Black Bluff—snow-clad both in winter. There is food to feed a poet's fancy or artist's easel while working in a Tasmanian garden on the Forth border. But you must not think that gardening is my sole recreation. I delight in nothing more than a quiet rubber of whist; especially when in company with players who call forth all one's energies and resources in that time-honoured game."

Feeling that the Premier of Tasmania had told me as much as he cared to say about himself, I asked what he thought of the mining industry in Tasmania.

"Undoubtedly," said he, "a considerable part of Tasmania at the present time is one vast mass of mineral—tin, copper, gold, and silver. Mount Lyall is not the only mountain of ore in the Colony. We have

the premier tin-mine in the world in the Mount Bischoff. Our Tasmania and New Golden Gate have established their position as first among Tasmanian dividend-paying gold-mines, and would stand well in any gold-mining district; we have also some extensive silver-mines in the Zeehan district, three or four of which have already commenced paying dividends, and undoubtedly there is a great deal of money yet to be made out of Tasmanian mining."

"You think, then, that Tasmania is a safe country to put one's money in?"

"I have no opinions upon speculation, whether in Tasmania or elsewhere. Each man must be his own counsel where investment is concerned. I only know that we are as rich in minerals, if not richer, than Western Australia itself. But I am not the best judge of investments, for I have at times received some hard knocks from the most promising mining concerns, not necessarily in Tasmania. It must be a waiting game to those who invest in mines, but I am sure that money may be, and will continue to be, made through the mining industry in Tasmania, as, in the past, fortunes have been made by honest investments in Tasmanian mines. I have seen shares which have been offered to me for a few shillings rise within the course of a few months to as many pounds; but I am always loth to give advice. I have not the slightest desire for wealth myself, and do not really care for speculation. It savours too much of gambling. Visitors to the Colony are nearly always bitten with the mining mania, but I make a practice of never giving advice, not even to friends staying within my doors. It appears often sufficient for some men to put their money into a mine for that mine to give out at once."



SIR EDWARD BRADDON IN THE ROBES OF A DOCTOR OF LAWS.

Photo by Miss Lachlan.

"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



The marriage of the Comtesse de Candale (Miss Winifred Emery) with her cousin the Comte (Mr. William Terriss) was purely a matter of convenience, inasmuch as the lady had a liking for the Chevalier de Valclos (Mr. Cyril Maude), and the Comte ran after a Marquise.

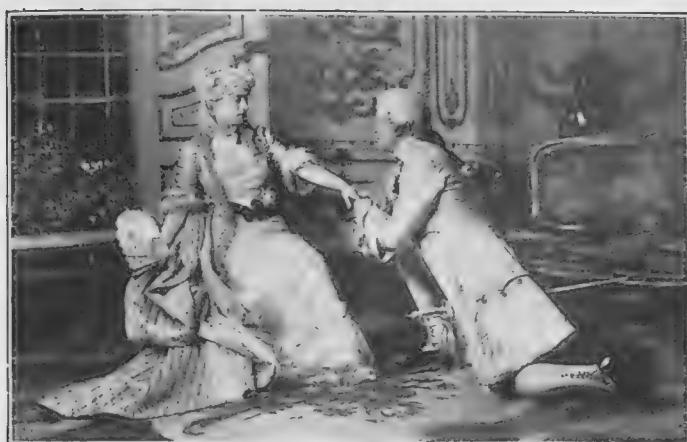


The Comte is congratulated on his marriage by his uncle the General (Mr. Sydney Valentine).



The Comtesse's maid, Marton (Miss Adrienne Dairrolles), espouses her mistress's cause.

"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*The Comtesse and the Chevalier.**The Comte surprises the Comtesse and the Chevalier.**Marton and the Comte's Valet, Jasmin (Mr. Holman Clark).**Marton and Jasmin receive the General.**The General deprecates the presence of the Chevalier.**The Comte befools the Chevalier.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Miss May Sinclair has done her very worst for the success of her story "Audrey Craven" (Blackwood). "Audrey Craven" is really a good deal better than its style; it is a novel worth reading, and the novel of a writer who has not exhausted herself, I feel sure. It is the study of a woman a little too common in these days of wide and varied opportunities—one who sucks in the very life-blood of men a vast deal better than herself in her craving for sensations, who is ready to become religious for the parson, artistic for the artist, intellectual for the man of letters, though religion and art and mental effort are all equally foreign to her poor mind and heart. This woman, a frequent present reality, has appeared in fiction more than once recently; her first cousin we made acquaintance with in Lucas Malet's "The Carissima." But that is no reproach. She is a harmful fact of the day, and worth satirising; and Miss Sinclair's presentation of her is a success, and the punishment of her follies salutary. But until her inventor has her will under way, she is hampered by the idea that she must be brilliant just to keep up your expectations—and so we have a great deal more than we have an appetite for of this kind of thing: "For all modern theories he had a withering contempt, his own simple creed being that in the beginning God made man a *Tory Squire*. . . . As the nephew of a *Tory Squire*, he was but two degrees removed from original righteousness." The striving to be considered "in the know," that eats into real cleverness and demoralises it and stamps its utterances as only for the passing half-hours, is far too evident in Miss Sinclair's manner. But there is hope for her work, if the deadly ambition to be "knowing" dies out with this first book.

Mr. Clive Bingham's travel-book, "A Ride Through Western Asia" (Macmillan), takes you along an interesting track, some points in which have of late years been almost untouched by European travellers. Asia Minor, Persia, Turkish Arabia, Central Asia, into China, Kashgar, across the Steppes, and back by the Trans-Siberian railway, made a journey worth taking trouble for. It was full of inconveniences, and by no means free from peril. On many parts of the way recklessness and audacity was the only means of passing onwards at all. But luck was with Mr. Bingham, and he came through it in a business-like and spirited fashion. For the sake of the example of his pluck and determination in face of Oriental prejudice, obstinacy, and suspicion, and for the actual information of the book, "A Ride through Western Asia" is worth looking at. But it is not one of the travel-books to remember. Mr. Bingham has set down everything, important and unimportant, interesting and uninteresting, leaving the reader to extract what is to his taste. But the reader, in a case like this, is not grateful for large opportunities of selection, and will be apt to pronounce the book dull because it is dry and written with no artistic sense of value and proportion.

There was much dissatisfaction with the sponsor of the last book of Maeterlinck that appeared in English. It was a book on mysticism, "Le Trésor des Muses," and the Preface was written by a bright and clever dramatic critic. But he wrote neither brightly nor cleverly, because he was speaking about something he did not understand, however great may have been his admiration for it. Maeterlinck certainly should not be handled with mere intellectual appreciation, and yet he is one of the few poets who justify—at the moment, at least—that monosyllabic the Exploratory Preface, the thing that comes between their darkness and the unprepared but impressionable public. "Aglaxaine and Solysette," which Mr. Alfred Satro has very creditably translated into English, and which Mr. Grant Richards has published in a charming volume, has found a more fitting sponsor in Mr. J. W. Mackail. Mr. Mackail, with his scholarly habits, his faultless judgment, his poetical susceptibilities which are so instinctively delicate, is just the man to appreciate the strange, remote genius, while keeping his hand cool and his sense of proportion alive. There is no talk of the Belgian Shakespeare with him. The little essay makes one wish for a more complete study of Maeterlinck from his pen; for he treats him not merely as an individual poet and mystic, but as belonging to the Belgian romantic movement, the course of which most English persons ignore altogether, a movement which springs from the great impulse of the "Dionysia in France," and which has been deeply influenced by the poetry and the drama of Elizabethan England and the Pre-Raphaelites. It is not confined to Morrisite schools, and Mr. Mackail points to its expression in the pictorial art of M. René Lalique, whose suggestive and original works are beginning to find a place on the walls of our galleries. Speaking of the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, he states an interesting fact concerning Mr. William Morris's acknowledgment of a genius which has much in common with his own, that "the author of 'Rip Van Winkle' and 'The Delectable Mountains,' who seldom could be induced to take much interest in a new author, and seldom still in a new dramatist, gave to 'Wallas et Malibande' the tribute of a praise as high as it was rare."

Miss Nannie Dickens has published through the Bodleian Press an account of her father. "My Father as I Recall Him" is the title. There is a good deal of this kind of thing in it: "My father wrote always with a quill pen and blue ink, and never, I think, used a lead pencil," and there is little that is new to compensate for such trifles; but the little book gives us one more vivid impression of Dickens on his plenitude side.

a. a.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The House of Commons, in the absence of Government business, sinks to a very low level. The nights devoted to private members and their measures are either prematurely closed by a count-out, or result in the carrying by scratch majorities of resolutions and Second Readings that nobody intends to carry any further, and that merely stultify our Parliament. A conspicuous instance of this occurred lately, when a measure conceding Female Suffrage was apparently supported by a considerable majority; and, as a natural consequence, the House of Commons had to waste the time in elaborate frivolity over an unimportant Bill, lest their sin in yielding to the Female Suffrage agitation should find them out, and force them to pronounce a practical opinion on the question.

It is hard to say which attitude is the more contemptible—for a crowd of members to vote and speak in favour of a change which they personally object to, or for those who voted for that change to waste a day deliberately, for fear their votes might be taken seriously. The strong language employed by certain ladies of Cornwall, who, like the "twenty thousand Cornishmen," wanted to "know the reason why," was rather injudicious than unjustifiable. For hours a chance measure of no importance, concerning the cleaning of Verminous Persons, was bandied to and fro, with elaborate frivolity, from pillar to post, from Tommy to Henry, while earnest females panted and glowed in the grates gallery. Finally, the Verminous Persons were or were not to be cleaned—it did not matter which, and probably very few members knew or cared. Mr. Dillon considered the measure to be another injustice and outrage to Ireland, but that was bound to occur, in any case. Enough that time was wasted, and Female Suffrage never came on at all. *Quod erat faciendum.*

There are few things calculated to give the observer a lower idea of human nature in general and House of Commons nature in particular than the way in which the average M.P. handles what one may call bye-questions. In every constituency there are a number of groups of voters fanatical on one question, and subordinating the interests of the nation to that one point. The Female Suffragists, though mostly women, can influence a good many men. Now, in a constituency where parties are nearly balanced, and where a transfer of a few hundred votes may mean the gain or loss of a seat, these sections of cranks and faddists assume an altogether disproportionate importance. Each candidate, secure in any case of the support of the old party men, lays himself out to court the little sections that hold the balance. He cannot, perhaps, promise to support a Bill based on some preposterous fad and see it passed into law; but he will vote for a resolution, for an inquiry, for a committee—for anything that will have no practical result.

So we have seen that Local Option seemed a popular measure, because knots of teetotallers in many constituencies had induced a majority of members to promise their votes for an abstract resolution. The resolution was passed, more than once. Taking courage by this appearance of support, a Ministry prepared a Bill embodying the principle of Local Option, and went to the country on that and other measures. We know what happened to that Ministry. This is what would occur in the case of many of the bye-questions were they made Government measures. The Ministry that went "to the country" on Female Suffrage would probably stay "in the country." Trades Unions, though not so strong as some think, are awkward organisations to quarrel with; but it is better for a politician to offend the Amalgamated Engineers, yes, even the Fibrous Plasterers, than to run his head against the primeval trades union of Sex.

But, while he believes he is safe from the practical ordeal of legislation, he promises to vote for anything and everything that any appreciable number of voters may support. Then comes Nemesis. Electoral promises, like chickens, come home to roost in the shape of Bills. There are a few real partisans of Female Suffrage in the House of Commons—Mr. Courtney, for example, the advocate of everything that is logically right and practically wrong—and some of these may be able to bring the majority face to face with a practical result. Then, in the last extremity, no longer able, as in the case of Home Rule, to pitch an unpopular Bill upstairs in the full confidence that it will be promptly thrown out of window, the unlucky members take refuge with creeping things of the earth, and, as the old-fashioned tune had it, "Chase the flea—, O chase the flea—, O chase the flea-twing hours away!"

Silent and sad behind the guarded grates,
The ladies lingered as the hour grew late,
Hearing the humour, rather broad than nice,
Of Bowles on bugs and Labouchere on mice.

But will the Female Suffrage question come up for a real solution? One fact would seem to indicate this. Dr. Karl Böhl has been giving the German public his impressions of the Jubilee; and one of his strongest impressions is that year by year the men grow smaller and the women bigger. "Amy's" and no longer comes up to the rim of "Annie's" hat. When the women are generally stronger than the men in the classes that own most votes, they will take the votes—unless nothing involves military service. And so this concession must we come at last.

M. BÖHLMANN.

A COMBINATION OF PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANIES.

Where is the cycle "slump"? We have been searching for it everywhere, north, south, east, and west, and failed to find the remotest indications of the slightest falling off in our great national industry



BEESTON PNEUMATIC TYRE STORES.

with respect to the sale of cycles. Not so very many weeks ago we were peeping into those vast workshops of the Beeston Pneumatic Tyre Company, of Humber's, of Singer's, in the good old town of Coventry. It was, it is true, at the fag-end of the manufacturing season, but "busy as ever" was the cheery cry of managers and toilers. Shares in some of the companies have certainly fallen, but from all we can gather at trade headquarters we venture to predict a speedy recovery, and we look for a complete success for the coming flotation of the leading amalgamated companies in the Dunlop-Welch tyre trade—namely, the Beeston, the Turner, the Woodley, and Scott's Standard, which practically cover the whole of the enormous tyre industry holding licences of the Dunlop.

Newspaper readers are familiar with the incessant litigation which has characterised the cycle and tyre trades during the last year or so. By this amalgamation all this fighting in the Law Courts will cease, to the great benefit of shareholders and everybody else concerned. This, it will be conceded, is no small feat to have accomplished. Equally important is the fact that the combination will put an end to the fierce competition which has hitherto been the rule, while we must not lose sight of the absolute certainty that the present amalgamation puts it in the power of the new company (to be known as "Pneumatic Tyres, Limited") to obtain the highest prices for its productions. Those connected with this particular industry have all along admitted that, given an efficient organisation of the pneumatic tyre trade, there would be a vast increase of business. We may, therefore, now fairly expect to see this belief practically realised. Many hundreds of thousands of pneumatic tyres are produced by the companies above enumerated, so that, if their weekly output be estimated at ten thousand pairs, at a profit of one pound per pair, the net gain to the new enterprise would be very considerable. Everybody knows the extraordinarily large profits realised by the manufacturers of pneumatic tyres, but probably everybody is not aware of the reasons therefor—namely, the small number of workpeople required to produce the tyres, and the cheapness of labour.

What the Beeston Tyre Company has been doing is shown by the subjoined official figures—

Most remarkable has been this year's increased trade over last, as the following figures will show—

1896.	£	s.	d.	1897.	£	s.	d.
Jan. 31	7,352	0	4	Jan. 31	26,700	6	0
Feb. 29	10,600	17	2	Feb. 28	32,340	1	8
March 31	14,626	12	3	March 31	36,172	1	8
April 30	18,979	16	0	April 30	46,185	3	11

The balances on the books only are shown above; but the cash sales for each month represent a considerable item in addition. A market premium of 200 per cent. has been obtained, our £1 shares averaging £3.

And here is what the Turner Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, writes—

You are aware that we have had a considerable amount of litigation with the Dunlop Company, which was not finally decided in our favour until March last.

Since that time the cycle trade has fully recognised the security of our position and the exceptionally wide powers of our licence, as is shown by the unusually large volume of business that has come to us at this late period of the season. In addition to large orders we have booked for future delivery, amounting in the aggregate to upwards of a quarter of a million tyres. The trade is placing orders with us for this season's delivery averaging 2500 tyres per week, and our orders are daily on the increase. We consider our prospects are most brilliant, apart from any scheme of amalgamation. We, however, fully realise the benefit which will accrue from consolidating the licensed companies' businesses from the point of view of reducing the present very complex procedure, and also of lessening by the quarter the cost of production, &c.

For some time past, according to the reports of the cycle press, the Beeston Company has been turning out the large number of two thousand tyres per day at the Coventry works. That "Beestons" are very popular in Ireland we gather from the remarks of our Irish contemporaries. It is to be noted that no tools are required to detach these tyres from the rim, owing to the fact that the wires at the sides of the cover are of a tight gauge, double the quantity being used to maintain the requisite strength, thus enabling the covers to be more easily detached than those with one stout wire.

Of the Turner Company it may be said that its £1 shares have averaged £3 5s. while those of the Woodley Company stand, at the time of writing, at £1 11s., and Scott's Standards at a small discount, which will probably disappear with the amalgamation.

The new enterprise (Pneumatic Tyres, Limited) will have a share capital of a million sterling, supplemented by £300,000 of debentures; and it will occupy the enviable and most advantageous position of sister-company to the mammoth and increasingly flourishing "Dunlop," whose report and balance sheet, just issued, show even more magnificent results than its most sanguine friends ever predicted for it. There is every reason to believe that the now amalgamated tyre companies will be proportionately successful in the experienced hands of those who will control their destinies.

It is interesting at this moment to recall some facts and figures in connection with the Dunlop Company. When Mr. J. B. Dunlop first tried his invention on his son's bicycle, enthusiast though he was, he could never have imagined, even in his wildest dreams, that the pneumatic tyre would give such an enormous stimulus to the sport of cycling as it has done within the last half-dozen years. The main object of the tyre was the diminution, if not the actual elimination, of vibration, and this desirable end it has achieved. The popularity of the Dunlop tyre was of slow growth for some little time, its best friends not daring to predict too rosy a future for it. The first year's profits—those for the twelve months ending in 1890—were £2660. By the termination of the next year, 1891, they had risen to £21,974; and they more than doubled themselves in 1892, with £48,595. In 1893 the net gains took an extraordinary leap, for they were £149,319. The increase for the following year was not very marked, for the profits only rose to the extent of £8000; but in 1895 they jumped up to £220,000. In 1896 came another wonderful bound. So that in the seven years the trading profits



POCKET-MAKING.

of the Pneumatic Tyre Company (as it was then styled) reached the astounding figure of £947,738, while the profits realised by the extra issues of capital at premiums were £185,227, making a grand total of profit for the period enumerated of £1,134,095. As the reader has been



FINISHING BEESTON PNEUMATIC TYRES.

able to see for himself, the profits of the Dunlop Company have this year increased to close upon a million sterling!

We may anticipate a considerable advance in the price of these tyres. Cyclists have been amazed, and experts amused, by the announcement that an English cycle company of high repute has resolved upon reducing its prices for machines to the extent of from 25 to 33 per cent. It is most unlikely that the fatuous example thus set will be imitated. Under any circumstances, the tyre trade cannot possibly suffer by any diminution in the cost of machines; rather would a reduction be beneficial to it, inasmuch as it is fair to conclude that the cheaper the cycle the greater the demand for it, and hence the greater the demand for tyres. It will be seen from what we have said that there is no possibility of a diminution of tyre prices, but that, on the contrary, prices must go up. For a long time the "Dunlop" had the monopoly of the trade, but, under the new state of things, the amalgamated tyre companies will share in that monopoly. There would therefore thus appear to be in the whole industrial world no more advantageous field of investment than this great tyre industry.

The amalgamated companies hold nearly all the most valuable patents in existence, so that the combination can hardly fail to be received by the public in a highly favourable manner when it makes its appearance towards the end of July.



WIRING.

THE SPIRIT OF THE UNDERGROUND.

There was no one else in the carriage. The only way in which the window could be kept shut was by holding it up with a walking-stick. I held it up, otherwise the atmosphere of that prolix tunnel would have got in, and I knew that atmosphere.

But the stick slipped, the window went down with a crash, and something blew into the carriage. At first I thought it was steam from the engine with tunnel-atmosphere trimmings, but as it drifted into the opposite corner-seat it took shape. There was a head, round and ugly, with eyes like danger-signals; there was a misty, incomplete body, with rudimentary arms and no legs. It seemed that it must have left part of itself outside, and I suggested as much, "In case," I added, "you hadn't noticed it, and would like to go out and fetch the rest."

"Thank you," it replied in a solemn voice, "I have all that I require. I am the Spirit of the Underground."

"Yes?" I said. "My name's Smith. Mind having the window shut? Thanks. The railway company gives you a free pass, I presume?"

"The railway company," the solemn voice answered, "is my servant, a mere tool in my hands, a part of my great scheme." The train stopped for a moment at a station.

"There's an inspector coming along examining the tickets."

"Indeed?" said the Spirit, drifting hurriedly up into the hat-rack. "Well, he won't look up here."

"What, isn't he part of the great scheme?"

"He is, but he doesn't know it, and I don't want him to know it. Explanations are so tedious." He drifted back into his seat again.

"And what?" I asked, "is the great scheme?"

"It is a scheme," the voice replied with a certain self-satisfaction, "to drive all intruders mad—to take everyone who comes below the earth into my domain, and drive him mad." Perhaps it struck him suddenly that this was getting a little personal, for he added, "You don't mind?"

"Mind? I like it."

"I wasn't referring to you personally. I was speaking generally."

"And when does this scheme begin?"

"It has begun," the Spirit replied very impressively.

"How?"

"My first move was to invent the Underground atmosphere. Breathe it, and you poison your blood. Poison your blood, and you corrupt the brain that feeds on it. Is this the *only* window that you have been unable to keep shut? I thought not. I've arranged that. Did you ever spoil a pair of gloves by touching the handle of a carriage-door? Frequently? So I should have imagined. I take good care that that black oil is well distributed. May I ask if you change at Gloucester Road?"

"I believe so. I don't know. I shall ask."

"You won't find anybody to ask. I make a special point of that. Do you know that I invented Gloucester Road—actually invented it myself, to further my scheme. It's almost the best thing I've done. Nine travellers out of ten do not know whether they change at Gloucester Road or not, and in the short time that the train stops they can never find anyone to ask. It's done me a great deal of good, that has. Then there's my little game with the barriers—so arranged that you can see through the bars your train standing still in the station and then starting without you. Five per cent. of the asylums would have to shut down if it were not for those barriers and the way the ticket-clippers work them. They're the stoniest, indifferentest people in the world, those ticket-clippers—all picked men. Then I've several other charming little irritations. May I ask you to read what is written immediately above that defective window?"

"You may ask, but I won't do it. I know, and I don't want to think about it."

"Capital! capital!" The Spirit of the Underground chuckled with sheer joy. "But you've got to think about it. The legend originally ran, 'Wait till the train stops,' but it has been altered to 'Wait till the rain stops.' Funny, isn't it?"

"If you don't get out of the carriage I'll give you in charge at the next station."

"I thought that would rouse you—wonderful what power that little bit of obvious, frequent, decayed facetiousness has! It makes strong, dignified men fling themselves full-length on the cushions and groan and howl with rage. Who do you think makes the alteration?"

"Some half-baked comic idiot who ought to be shot."

"Doesn't it strike you as queer that you have never found anybody doing it, and that you have never heard of the railway company catching anybody doing it? Comic? Why, I do it myself, and not in order to be comic, but to drive you—I mean, to drive others like you—mad."

"If it isn't meant to be funny, that takes away half the sting."

"What? Does it?" said the Spirit disconsolately. "I'm sorry I mentioned that. But there are still the advertisements, with the pencilled alterations and additions. What do you think of them?"

"That when a man wants to rid himself of the worst part of his vocabulary, he need not leave it written up in a public railway-carriage."

"Once more, I do it all myself. Disordered blood, irritation, disgust, madness—that's my little programme. Then there's another—"

But the train had stopped, and without a word I jumped out.

"Oughter 'ave chinged at Gloucester Road," said the ticket-collector, "that's what you oughter. Talkin' to a genelman and didn't notice, and went pawst it? Well, I ain't to blame for that. Shouldn't be so keerless."

BARRY PAIN.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SITE : Wine and women, they say, are the two curses of mankind.
HE : Ah ! What's your vintage ?



"Took Maudie Spooner for a drive yesterday."

"So she told me; and d' ye know what she said? Said she should call you Jenny Creeper in future."

"What for? Did I go too slow?"

"No, but she said you ran over everything you came across."



OLD LADY: This must be a very healthy place. Now, what may the death rate be?

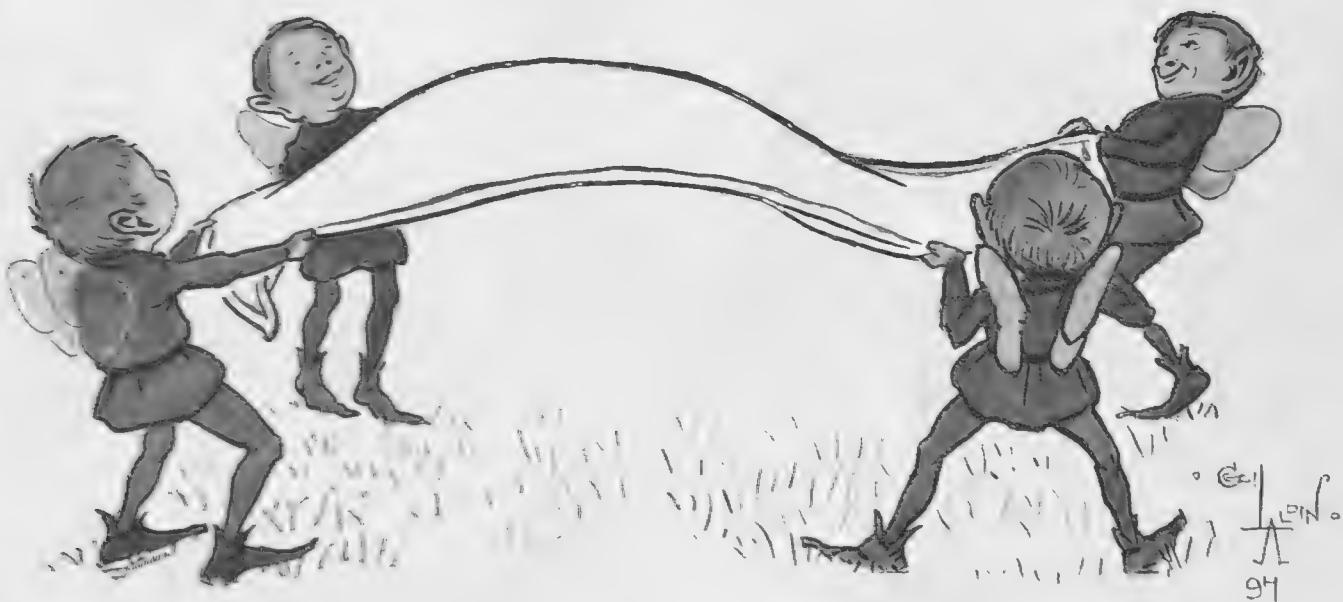
GRAVE-DIGGER: Wonderful steady, Mum; wonderful steady. Just one death to each person right along.

SONGS - FOR - THE - KIDDIES



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN TOSS'D IN A BLANKET
SEVENTEEN TIMES AS HIGH AS THE MOON ;
BUT WHERE SHE WAS GOING NO MORTAL COULD TELL
FOR UNDER HER ARM SHE CARRY'D A BROOM

OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN SAID I
WHITHER, AH WHITHER, AH WHITHER SO HIGH ?
TO SWEEP THE COBWEBS OFF THE SKY,
AND I'LL BE WITH YOU BY AND BY



THE REVIVAL OF CROQUET.*

Fashion is said to resemble a cask into which old customs are flung pell-mell. When the cask is full it is inverted, the top is removed, and, *hey presto!* the customs so long lost and forgotten come to light again one by one, hailed one at a time with acclamation by fresh generations who mistake them for novelties. So the bottom of the Cask of Fashion may be said to have been knocked out now, and the first item that we drag forth is the game called croquet—a game which flourished in the time of the Empire and faded with the Empire. But to-day it comes again to light. To-day it springs again into popularity.

Mr. Arthur Lillie's neatly bound little volume consequently comes at a very apt moment, and the author, who is no less a celebrity than the winner of the All Comers' Championship played at Maidstone last year, writes with authority and from knowledge acquired after years of experience; and lastly, he deals with the subject in clear, understandable way. He is an enthusiast, of course; but a croquet enthusiast is quite a refreshing person to meet after the scores of cycling enthusiasts that we come across at every turn. After relating in the Introduction a story of an ancient ecclesiastic who found

croquet a better palliative for a tired brain than anybody's pale syrup or soothing pills, the author goes on to record "an eloquent tribute" paid to the game by Captain Mayne Reid, who declared that it was not more than truth to say that croquet was the most attractive pastime of the age, while in point of intellectuality, he added, it would dispute the palm with billiards or whist, perhaps even with "that selfish duality, chess." Mayne Reid went further. He maintained that some day croquet would become "not only the national sport of England, but the *pastime of the age*." Certainly it has not fulfilled this prophecy as yet, but time may work wonders in that respect. To designate croquet the "king of games," the "queen of sports," and the "prince of pastimes," however, does seem to the non-enthusiast rather "strange talk." But, then, the non-enthusiast must pay penalty for his lack of feeling.

The most interesting chapter in the book is the second. It enters largely into the history and origin of croquet, and deals at length with the game of pall-mall, whence our aristocratic thoroughfare, Pall Mall, is supposed to have derived its name. Mr. Pepys several times refers to "pele-mele" in his famous diary, and he mentions incidentally that he once saw the Duke of York indulging in the pastime in St. James's Park. "I walked in the park," he wrote again on May 15, 1663, "discoursing with the keeper of the pell-mell, who was sweeping of it. He told me of what the earth is mixed that do floor the mall, and that over all there is cockle-shells powdered and spread to keep it fast." According to archaeologists, the mall referred to by Pepys was not Pall Mall, "but the central avenue of the long walk still known as the Mall." King Charles II., and probably also the "pampered favourites of the young monarch," played in the same avenue. We have been brought up to consider Charles II. a somewhat effete creature, but the poet Waller evidently admired him greatly, unless, indeed, he thought it, or found it, worth his while to immortalise in verse the King's "prowess," for upon one occasion he burst into "poetry" as follows—

Here a well-polished mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ
His manly posture and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth in all his members seen,

and so on.

The old game of pall-mall can be easily understood by the golf-player. It was golf on a very smooth, hard road. A mallet was used instead of a curved "club," and palings four feet high bounded the playing-alley. If a ball passed the boundary, it had to be brought back to the spot where it had gone out.

Mr. Lillie tells us, among other interesting details, that, after perusing ancient writings of Du Cange, he has come to the conclusion that hockey, polo, pall-mall, and golf had, at one time, a common name, which fact would seem to argue in favour of the theory of evolution. The name was "chicane," and we know already that in India the game of polo has long been called "changan." Modern polo-players might be amused, however, were they told that the game of polo was a lineal descendant of croquet—in fact, merely croquet played on horseback. The Rev. J. G. Wood also wrote about croquet, but evidently he was more within his depth when dealing with his favourite subject, for his

views upon the origin of the term "croquet" were remarkable, to say the least. "The word croquet," he wrote, "is derived from a French word, *croquer*, to crunch with the teeth. This word is used to describe the sound caused by eating anything very hard and brittle. There is a sort of gingerbread made in France, which is very thin, hard, and brittle, and is called croquet in allusion to the sound produced in eating it. The word is used to distinguish the game in consequence of the cracking sound of the mallets against the ball."

Without a doubt the enthusiast will find in Mr. Lillie's book, which extends over two hundred and sixty-four pages, as much information about the game of croquet in the past, in the present, and as it will be, as he can possibly need. Full directions for playing the game are given, directions made considerably clearer by the aid of diagrams, and the rules of croquet are printed at length. The name of nearly every player of renown in any part of the world is mentioned somewhere in the book, and a mass of statistics and reports is also given, as well as correspondence that has taken place from time to time in certain newspapers. Furthermore, the illustrations and diagrams by Lucien Davis and others are well executed, and the book will probably be widely read by fashion's votaries, who are once more turning their attention to this "best of all possible games." In further proof of the advance of the game the appearance of a threepenny booklet on "The Laws of Croquet," issued by the Cricket Press, may be cited.

B. T.

TURKEY UP TO DATE.

A good book on Turkey was wanted, and Mr. Davey has written it, "The Sultan and his Subjects" (Chapman and Hall). Within the limits of a couple of handy volumes he has presented a vivid and well-proportioned sketch of the races, and of the political and social features, of that strange amalgam which makes up the Ottoman Empire. The work is the result of no flying visit giving impressionist effects, but of prolonged residence in Constantinople, where all that is representative is focussed. Much is told us of Western influence on the Turks since 1453, when the famous city fell, and Mr. Davey, who has the true historical sense, has ransacked even the archives of the Bank of Genoa, dating from the thirteenth century, in search of material. But it is with the Turkey of to-day, as an unspent and largely unknown force, that the work mainly deals, and, under the author's guidance, we have glimpses of Court and harem (seen through the medium of a lady whose letter Mr. Davey prints), and we mix with the motley crowd of Greeks, Armenians, and Jews in the garbage-strewn streets of Stamboul. Santa Sophia, and the myriad memories gathering beneath its dome; Bursa, the ancient Turkish capital under the shadow of the Bithynian Olympus—these and a hundred other sites and scenes fill the canvas.



A CRITICAL MOMENT.

Drawn by Lucien Davis for "Croquet: Its History, Rules, and Secrets."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE STRAWBERRY-PICKERS.

BY MAY TYSON.

"It's as hot as hell this minute," said Killarney Ann, straightening her back and wiping her face wearily with her apron.

The ragged woman beside her chuckled drily.

"Killarney knows," said she, showing her black gums in a satirical grin. "Does there be strawberries there too, Killarney?"

"You'll be there soon enough, Kate Cassidy," retorted Killarney Ann. "An' it's the nice ou'l' strawberry they'll have. Oh God! what time is it, I wondher?"

"It's about four," said the third woman of the little squatting group. "An' do the pair o' ye now hould yer whisht; there's the Masther wit' his eye on ye."

The sun broiled down scorchingly from the blue July sky, making the long six-acre field, with its row upon row of strawberry-plants, as hot as hell, as Killarney said. There was no shade unless you crept right into the ditches at the sides, and even there it was too hot for comfort. At the top corner of the field, beside the gate, stood the leafing-house, a small hut, in which from eight to a dozen girls sat sorting the strawberries into long, shallow, tall-handled baskets, which, when filled and covered cleanly with a white cloth, were carefully loaded on the van to be taken to market. The "Mistress," a fine woman, with a red face and a large white apron, superintended the labour of the girls with a jealous eye, keeping also a keen look-out on as much of the field as fell to her view, lest some of the women should pause in their work or, maybe, moisten their baked lips with the tempting fruit. The "Masther" walked about the place, not confining himself to any particular field, but appearing at odd moments to look after the men in the van or to tramp through the lines of women, shouting angry words good-humouredly as he went. There were from thirty to forty women dotted about, some in groups, others singly, their backs bent continually over their work and their hats or handkerchiefs tied under their sun-withered chins. Their ages ran from forty to over sixty. They were all very ragged and untidy. Two or three little girls and a boy or two, with "floats" (wicker baskets) under their arms, went about from woman to woman, relieving each of the fruit she had meantime picked in a little tin pannikin. These "young wans" received for their day's work sixpence—that is, a halfpenny an hour, the regular wage for the women being a penny.

Killarney Ann straightened herself again stealthily as soon as the Masther had withdrawn his attention from her part of the field.

"What time is it at all now, I wondher?" said she, with that agonised feeling of irritation at the long minutes which proclaims utter weariness.

Kate Cassidy had moved two or three yards away, and the other woman took no heed of the hopeless question.

Killarney had felt the sun in her head for some time, and now her face turned a peculiar sickly brown and her breath came in gasps. A toothless, drink-soddened woman at some distance heard the noise, and, turning, mumbled leeringly, "Are ye craw sick, Killarney?" This was a joke.

The moments dragged themselves out. At last it grew cooler, and a breeze sprang up and touched, like a benediction, the heads of the patient labourers.

"It must be getting on for five," Killarney mumbled to herself with parched lips.

The row on which she was working was now despoiled of all the berries ripe enough for picking, so she stood up with a grunt and stumbled to where Kate was sitting huddled into a heap. Kate was singing a long come-all-ye recording the experiences of a rich farmer's daughter who lived in the town of Ross, but the tune died on her lips at Killarney's face and staggering walk.

"My God!" said she. "What's an ye?"

The other women looked up in surprise.

"Killarney's dhrunk," said one, with a hoarse chuckle. And the others grimmed sympathetically.

"Kate, Kate, I am sick. Oh, what will I do now at all?"

"Ah, it'll go off ye," said Kate reassuringly, resuming her work and her wailing song—

"An' she coorted a Highland souldyer,
An' his name it was Johnny—"

"Mindja, she does luk bad!" whispered a woman. "Killarney," she called out, "y' ought to go ax the Mistress to let ye do lafin' instead o' pickin'!"

"No," said Killarney, rocking herself to and fro; "the Mistress and I is not in. She ga' me wan-and-a-pinny to get my shawl out, and it's mad with me she is, for I spint it."

"Musha, how bad she is!" said Kate.

Killarney's breath came in a great gulp, and her eyes rolled.

"My God!" she gasped, with her hands clawing her pinned over-bodice, "I am dying, I am dying!"

She screamed in a choked way and grovelled on the ground.

The women leaned to look at her with fear and compassion in their faces. There was a look upon Killarney not to be mistaken, and they sent the "young wan" crying and stumbling over the ground to tell the Mistress.

"Ah, y' are always up to yer antics," that lady shouted wrathfully as she clamped hurriedly to where the crowd of women supported Killarney Ann.

"Say your prayers, darlin'. Make an aek," Cassidy was saying tremulously, the crushed fruit on her apron shining like blood-stains.

"Run for the priest wan o' ye," muttered another.

"Sure there's nothin' an her at all only the sun," said a third.

"What are ye up to now, Killarney? Get up out o' that an' don't be gaumactin' out o' ye. D'ye hear me?"

"Oh, she's dyin', ma'am," whimpered Cassidy.

Cassidy and Killarney shared the same filthy bed in the hovel reserved for the women's use in the strawberry season. They both got drunk on porter together whenever it was possible. They had known one another for some years.

"She's dying as much as I am, ye lazy idle pack, ye! G' long to your work. I'll get her a sup o' something up at the house. Stan' up, Killarney."

Perhaps something frightened the Mistress, for she called to her husband in the next field and waved her arms.

Killarney's face grew livid and more livid, and she doubled into an untidy heap.

The Mistress felt a sudden horrible tightening at the throat and heart, and she bent down and took Killarney tenderly in her arms.

The calm, soft beauty of the summer's evening was spreading itself over everything. The air was still and fragrant of clean odours.

The women looked into the eyes of the Mistress and with one accord fell on their knees. Killarney Ann was dead.

THE CENTENARY OF "THE YASHMAK."

"The Yashmak" has passed its hundredth performance at the Shaftesbury Theatre, which is a very good record considering the nature of the season—and the piece. To put it mildly, London has had much better "musical comedies," but, like many another piece of the same class which has had a rather mixed reception to start with, it has gone on its



MISS MABEL LOVE IN "THE YASHMAK."
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

course. It has been greatly helped by the clever clowning of Mr. John Le Hay, though he has not had such a chance as "My Girl" afforded him last year. Miss Mabel Love's dancing is bright and piquant, and the prima-donna sings prettily. Mr. Scott Russell, as the successor of Mr. Charles Ryley, has brought Savoy methods to bear with effect on the very different standard of "musical comedy."

THE OMAR KHÁYYÁM CLUB AT MARLOW.

The Omar Kháyyám Club held its annual summer dinner at Marlow on July 10, under the presidency of Mr. Edmund Gosse, with Mr. Henry Norman in the vice-chair. There was the usual interesting array of distinguished guests, including Sir Henry Strong, the Lord Chief Justice of Canada, Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q.C., Sir Henry Craik, Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, the well-known American writer, and Professor Walter Raleigh; while among the members present were Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Charles Russell, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Arthur Hacker, and Sir George Robertson of Chitral. Sir Frederick Pollock, who was also present, read the following poem—

ROS ROSARUM.

To know the Love-song that might best avail
I made petition to the Nightingale,
Whose melody made answer: "Lo, the Rose
Hath all my Secret and may tell the tale.

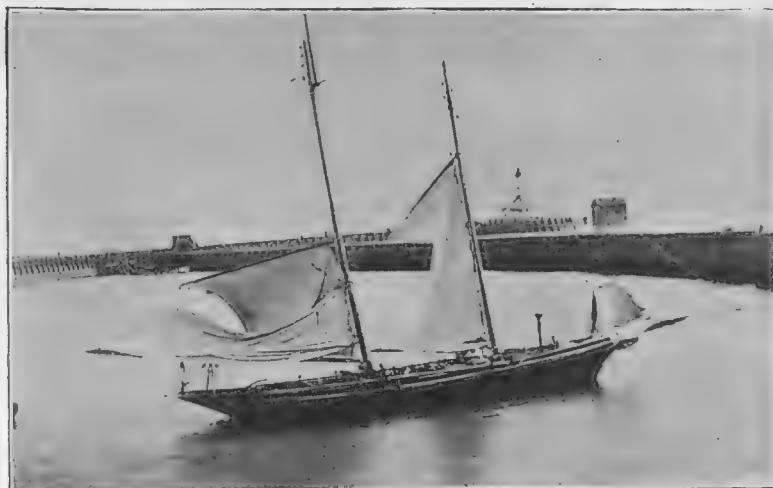
"When to the Rose I pour my Song for wine,
Thereof let wisdom what it can divine;
I know this only, that I sing Myself
Unto Myself, and stay not to define."

Then, eager to fulfil such fair behest,
I wandered forth upon the Rose's quest,
But all in vain, since I might not discern
That Queen-Rose of all roses from the rest.

Should She give aid, who glows with empire's Red,
Or She, whose white doth Heaven's own court bespread?
Or She, that scatters bloom at Naishápúr,
Tell me, perchance, what Omar left unsaid?

At last the Lapwing piped to me: "My Son,
Thy fill of Doing gets thee nothing done;
We flit in this brief show from flow'r to flow'r
Of many roses, but the Rose is One."

There were some excellent speeches, as usual, Mr. Gosse scoring a delightful point by informing his audience that he had received from Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Minister at Teheran, an account of the petition which was made by the Club to the late Shah for the restoration of the tomb of Omar at Naishápúr. It would appear that when the Shah received the petition, which was duly signed by the Vice-President and Committee of the Omar Club, he burst into roars of laughter, and indicated plainly that he considered that an old poet of centuries back—even though he happened to be a Persian—was scarcely worth a coat of whitewash. He seems, indeed, to have said very plainly that if the Club wanted the tomb of Omar Kháyyám decorated they might do it for themselves. Mr. Gosse went on to explain that within a few weeks of this pronouncement the Shah was assassinated, and he provoked considerable merriment by solemnly assuring his hearers that the assassin was not an emissary of the Omar Kháyyám Club. Sir George Robertson, who responded for the new members, made a very pretty speech, in which he declared that the notion that one was always surrounded in India by a delightful atmosphere of Kiplingesque romance was, unfortunately, quite a delusion. The principal atmosphere that obtained was one of most pronounced boredom, and clubs such as that of which he had just been enrolled a member



EDWARD FITZGERALD'S YACHT, "SCANDAL."

were, in Sir George's opinion, a delightful counterblast to anything in the shape of boredom. The other newly enrolled members, Mr. J. M. Barrie and Sir Douglas Straight, did not put in an appearance. Mr. Barrie has gone off with his charming wife to Pontresina for a summer holiday, and Sir Douglas Straight, it would appear, injured himself severely over the Jubilee bonfires. Everyone agreed that the dinner was as successful as any of its predecessors, and no small credit was given by the jovial party to the excellent arrangements of Mr. Cole, mine host of The Crown, at Great Marlow, where the dinner was held.

FROM THE THEATRES.

It promised to be an interesting week in the theatres, seeing that Madame Bernhardt was to appear in the famous Dumas play "L'Étrangère," while Madame Réjane was to give us the "gentiment canaille," "Lolotte" and "Amoureuse," which we were all most anxious to see. However, disappointment came from the success of "Madame Sans-Gêne," which caused Madame Réjane to change her plans. "L'Étrangère," so long a stranger to our boards, was no small compensation; it does not represent Alexandre Dumas *filz* at his best, and yet at a level few can reach. Nevertheless, despite its brilliance and comparative youth, there are comical moments in the play—at least, moments that seem comical to us.

Marriages for money we know of, and can appreciate the eloquence and power of the author's attack; but when we find that the Duchesse de Septmonts is prepared to tell all the world that she prefers Monsieur Gerard, engineer, to the Duke, her husband, and that no one in the play appears to be shocked, we are rather startled; while the efforts to give a sublime air to the comparatively guiltless love intrigue of the Duchess and the engineer come close to the ridiculous. The Duke is painted vividly. The sensual, unscrupulous man, willing to marry the daughter of a rich tradesman and use her money for his pleasures, is a grim picture that may be compared curiously with the money-marrying Duke in Augier's delightful comedy "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier."

What about the foreigner, about the American woman quaintly named *Mistress* Clarkson? I fear that she is a figure a little too far from our range, although the character is not unknown in fiction. Who can really sympathise with the woman mulatto—or rather, I think, quadroon—who, because the Americans, under the slave system, treated her very badly, behaves infamously to an American who behaved to her well, and then comes over to Europe to wage a war of vengeance on the French members of the male sex for the wrong done to her by the Americans. However, if not convincing, she is a highly dramatic figure, and Madame Bernhardt was able to produce a great effect in the part. Very excellent work was done by Madame Dufrene as the Duchess and by MM. Guitry, Lacroix, Chameroy, and Laroche.

"The Geisha" withstands the heat and the holidays in a wonderful way. Some members of the cast have had time to figure at other theatres and return to "The Geisha" again. Such a one is Miss Mary Collette, the daughter of Charles Collette and of Blanche Wilton, a well-known soubrette actress and niece of Lady Banerfort. Before attempting lyric work, Miss Collette had some excellent training, and achieved considerable success upon the dramatic stage. She joined Mr. and Mrs. Kendall's company at the St. James's Theatre, and subsequently went on tour with them, playing a varied round of parts. She then spent a season at the Opera Comique under Mrs. Oscar Beringer's management, and then joined Mr. Tom Thorne for some time at the Vaudeville, creating several original rôles with great success. Miss Collette then appeared with her father at the Lyric and Shaftesbury Theatres, and made a hit in her own comedietta, "Cousins' Courtship," and was there seen by Mr. George Edwardes, who is ever on the look-out for young and fresh talent, and, attracted by Miss Collette's excellent voice, he offered her an engagement for "An Artist's Model," and from the initial one she never missed a performance during the run, and was re-engaged for "The Geisha." She possesses a pretty, fresh voice, which has been well trained by Signor Fiori, whose favourite pupil she has been for some years. She has also studied the piano under Mrs. Mary Davies, is an excellent linguist, and one of the most enthusiastic of amateur cyclists.

Does Mr. Tree, I wonder, hope to find a second "Sign of the Cross" in the stage-version which he has obtained of "Quo Vadis," by the Polish novelist Sienkiewicz? This book was translated last year by an American gentleman named Jeremiah Curtin, and was dedicated by him to a Californian bearer of the famous name of Auguste Comte. Sienkiewicz has already written a sort of trilogy, in romance form, dealing with the rise of modern Russia. "Quo Vadis," on the other hand, takes place in the time of Nero, who plays an important part in the novel, as also does that licentious writer and man of pleasure, Petronius Arbiter. Just as in Mr. Barrett's hugely popular drama, the Christians have a very hard time of it in the pages of Sienkiewicz, and even the august personalities of Peter and Paul are introduced. Will the tragic deaths of these appear in Mr. Outram Tristram's adaptation?

I am glad to hear of the accession to the Lyceum company of Miss Ida Molesworth, a gifted young emotional actress, who has recently been doing most excellent work on tour with Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Bazilide in "For the Crown" and Janet Preece in "The Profligate." I was especially struck with the merit of Miss Molesworth's performance in the latter character at the Grand.



MISS MARY COLLETTE.

Photo by Dickins, Sloane Street, S.W.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

Covent Garden, having proved that the most popular and attractive works that can now be put upon the stage are the later music-dramas of Wagner, "Siegfried," "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," has been busily engaged during the past few days in restoring the fallen popularity of Mozart. It is a difficult if a noble task; and, perhaps, in the course of many years, when the wheel has turned full circle again, there will be a change in the public taste. The position is a curious one, if you come to think of it. In his lifetime Mozart was so far ahead of his public that, although it was impossible that his extraordinary accomplishments should remain unknown, it was still possible that he should die in abject poverty, and that his body should be consigned to a pauper's grave, the exact site of which could not even be found the day after his death. Then, as is the way of the world, his reputation began to grow and men began to regret their neglect. Popularity, whatever it may be worth, came to his work, with the result that, while Wagner was struggling with the disdain,



M. VIVIANI.
Photo by Cuyler, Chicago.

the scorn, the indifference of his countrymen and contemporaries, Mozart's greatest operas were rightly ranked, not only by the musician, but also by the man in the street, as masterpieces of all time. Wagner, by a kind of special Providence, did not die of starvation, and the day of his triumph dawned in his lifetime. And with the growth of that triumph the popularity of "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze" began to decrease, not certainly in the opinion of the musician, but now by the practical testimony of the man in the street. So that Wagner's music has now become the music of the present; and the music of Mozart—well, is that destined to be the music of the future? It would be a mighty queer result if it should turn out so, and the possibility does not seem absurd, even now—in the day of "Tristan" and "Parsifal."

At the end of last week, then, the Opera Syndicate staged "Le Nozze di Figaro," and proved to those of us who do not choose to forget our Mozart what an exquisite work it is, fashioned with what delicacy of humour, with what inspiration of melody, and with what a fine sense of dramatic insight. The cast, in a word, was exceedingly good. Madame Eames was a perfect Countess. She acted with sweetness and distinction, and her singing was warm, powerful, intelligent, and refined. She has for her own in this opera that glorious masterpiece "Dove Sono," and one pays her the rarest compliment in saying that she sang it in a manner that was altogether worthy of the music. Madame de Vere was a charming if somewhat slight Susanna; and M. Edouard de Reszke's Count was monumentally fine. Miss Zélie de Lussan was the Cherubino, and, although she was scarcely so elegant as Miss Marie Engle in the part, she was vivacious and pretty, and sang her "Vo che s'pete" very well indeed. The other parts were sufficiently well sung and acted. Mr. Dolmetsch played the harpsichord accompaniments with great distinction, and Signor Randegger conducted what was altogether a very interesting and beautiful performance. Three or four days later—on the Tuesday, that is, of last week—the syndicate gave us "Don Giovanni" in French, with M. Renaud in the part of the Don. The difficulty of adequately producing this stupendous work is far greater than in the case of "Le Nozze," and one

is bound to add that the result was not so completely successful. M. Renaud was a very splendid success. He sang with the noblest intelligence, and made the best use of his fine voice. M. Fugère's Leporello was also a great success; his clowning was just the right thing, with, perhaps, one or two slight exceptions, and his humorous singing sparkled with spirit. M. Bonnard's Don Ottavio was a little colourless, but he sang "Il mio tesoro" surprisingly well, and both M. Gilibert's Masetto and Miss Zélie de Lussan's Zerlina were very clever impersonations. The grave drawback to the performance was the interpretation of the parts of Donna Anna and Donna Elvira, upon whom so much of the early part of the opera depends. The first was taken by Madame Adini, who literally cannot sing Mozart, however vigorous she may be in such parts as Venus or Brünnhilde; and, as the second, Miss Macintyre left a curious impression of weakness. Signor Mancinelli conducted with much patience and ability, but his orchestra seemed prepossessed with the idea that the music was too easy to play indifferently or more difficult to play well than that of Mozart. Mr. Dolmetsch again played the harpsichord extremely well.

M. Viviani, the new bass who has made so impressive a Fafner in "Siegfried," is of Italian parentage, though born at Odessa in 1857, and there he was educated at the Imperial College. When only seventeen years of age he went to Bologna to study music and singing under Maestro Federico Dallari at the Royal Conservatoire Rossini, and two years later he made his first professional appearance at Cremona, under the direction of Pinchielli. Since that time he has sung for four seasons at La Scala in Milan, for three at Regio in Turin, for two at the Imperial in Titlis, and for six at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, as well as in Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Venice, Genoa, and Cairo, and has made many tours in the United States and Canada. M. Viviani is also an excellent linguist, and can sing with equal ease in Italian, French, German, English, Russian, Spanish, and Portuguese.

Mdlle. Margherita Kowska, the young soprano who lately made her first important appearance in opera in "Die Evangelimann," is already well known on the London concert platform, and has been a leader of the chorus at Covent Garden for the past four seasons, an engagement she entered into in order that she might hear and study the methods of the best artists, for she is a hard worker with high ambitions. Mdlle. Kowska is now only in her twentieth year, and, though born in London, is of entirely Polish parentage. Her first professional appearance was made when she was only six years of age, when she posed as a pianist, but later on was persuaded to abandon the piano and train her voice, her teachers having been Madame Sconzia and Professor Blume. She had the honour of being selected for the part of Frau Aiber by Anton Seidl, and it is more than probable that we shall soon hear much more of her, for she is passionately fond of her work, and seems likely to follow in the steps of that excellent artist Mdlle. Bauermeister, and be known for general usefulness as well as excellence, for her voice is young, fresh, and strong, and her stage presence remarkably good.

M. Hector Dupeyron, the Parisian tenor who made his début in the title rôle of "Tannhäuser," is already booked to return here next season, when he will be heard in a number of important parts. He is a native of Bordeaux, and studied at the Paris Conservatoire under MM. Boulanger and Obin; but, being offered an engagement, he left after only two years, and at once secured a position for himself among the leading operatic artists. His first success was in "Robert," after which he sang in "Les Huguenots," "La Juive," and "L'Africaine," and the following season went to the Opera House at Toulouse. There he made hits in "Aida" and "Herodiade," and afterwards went to a brilliant season in Athens; then he gave a series of representations in Dijon, where he was seen by one of the directors of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, and at once engaged for Brussels, where, as well as repeating his former success, he created several new rôles, among them being Turiddu. In 1891 he went to the Paris Opera, and in nine months added "Sigurd," "Samson et Dalila," "Walkyrie," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and "Otello," to his répertoire, and in Lyons and Monte Carlo "Lucia," "La Traviata," and "Carmen." Last winter he made great hits with his Tristan and Samson at the Theatre Royal in Turin, and to-day he shares the operatic honours of Paris, London, and America, for he is a sincere artist, a hard worker, and a poetic and impressive interpreter, with a rich, full tenor voice and striking presence.



MDLLE. KOWSKA.
Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



M. DUPEYRON.
Photo by Charles, Bordeaux.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Now that the betting question seems to be fairly settled, racing men will go about their business with a sense of security, and will thank those who have been to all the trouble to get a definite decision in favour of an Act which, despite what anybody may say, was never intended to apply to racecourses. But, while congratulating those people who have been put to much trouble over the business, a word of condemnation is due to a certain section who, in fighting for a very desirable end, could find no other weapon than that of abuse as absurd as it was ill-merited. I happen to know that Mr. Hawke, the prime mover in the opposition, is as good a sportsman as ever trod, which, judging from the tone of certain articles in the shrieking papers, cannot be said of some of those on our side.

One of the curious features of racing is that owners sometimes take their horses away from a stable after a win. I was reminded of this by the severing of the connection that existed between the Widgers and Miller, who managed the horses of that Irish sporting family during last winter. It was soon after Marco won the Cambridgeshire that his owner took him away from Tom Chaloner's charge and sent him to Wantage to be trained by Hornsby. Then, coming to later times, only this spring Wheeler lost a good patron in the owner of Keymer soon after that animal won the Lewes Spring Handicap. There is something very peculiar about changes that occur under circumstances of this sort.

It is expected that John Porter's horses will run well at Goodwood. The Master of Kingsclere has not had the best of luck with his team this year as yet, but the autumn may tell a different tale. John Porter

has had a lifelong experience with horses. He was born at Rugeley, Staffordshire, in 1838, and gained his first knowledge of tackling thoroughbreds on Cannock Chase. He had a great desire to become a jockey, and so went to Findon, and worked for John Day; but Mr. Porter never did much in the saddle, and started as trainer at the early age of twenty-five. Sir Joseph Hawley became one of his patrons, and, with Wells as jockey, the stable landed many of the leading races. Mr. Porter, as is well known, trained for the Prince of Wales for many years, and he bought for the Prince all the good horses he ever owned.

CAPTAIN COE.

The Duke of Westminster, Lord Alington, and Sir F. Johnstone have for some time been patrons of the Kingsclere stable, and the racing records show that they have won their share of the spoils of the Turf. Mr. Porter is passionately fond of music, and he takes a great delight in his lovely garden. As an amateur orchid-grower he ranks an easy second to Mr. Chamberlain. It is an open secret that the Prince of Wales wanted Mr. Porter to remove to Newmarket, but the latter could not tear himself away from the old home.

The Midland Railway Company have issued an extensive list of new arrangements, which came into force in July, for the benefit of holiday travellers. The service to Scotland has been improved by the addition of a new express, with dining accommodation, leaving St. Pancras at 10.35 a.m., and serving Leicester, Nottingham, Bristol, Birmingham, &c. A through carriage will be attached to the 10 p.m. express from St. Pancras for Greenock (Princes Pier), where passengers can most conveniently join the steamers for the Firth of Clyde and the Western Highlands of Scotland. A daylight service throughout will be given to Rothesay during July and August, whereby passengers leaving St. Pancras at 10.30 a.m. reach Rothesay at 9.45 the same evening. Sleeping-saloon cars will be attached to the night expresses between London (St. Pancras) and Glasgow and Edinburgh in each direction. The services to Ireland, the Isle of Man, the "Peak," the English Lake District, and to the watering-places of Lancashire and Yorkshire, have been revised. Holiday travellers will find all these improvements noted in the company's time-tables.



MR. JOHN PORTER.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

RECORD BATSMEN.

The defeat of Sussex by Yorkshire was a memorable achievement for Brown and Tunnicliffe. Many a long stand have they made together, but never one which has been so productive as that for the first wicket in their match with Sussex.

Previous to that, the most runs put on for the first wicket in a first-class match was the 346 of Messrs. H. T. Hewett and L. C. H. Palairat at Taunton in August of 1892. Curiously, this was made against Yorkshire, and it may be that the performance of the two amateurs is still to be regarded as the more meritorious, seeing the array of bowling talent set against them. But their actual figures were surpassed and a new record of 378 set up ere Tunnicliffe was caught by Parris at mid-on. The Pudsey man had scored somewhat less rapidly than Brown, and took four hours and thirty-five minutes to make his 147, in the course of which he hit twenty 4's. Brown remained unconquered for another hour and three-quarters, by which time he had made the magnificent score of 311, which is, of course, by far the biggest individual innings of the season, although a long way behind the record score of Mr. McLaren, who made 424 for

Lancashire against Somerset at Taunton in 1895. Other contributors of over 300 in first-class cricket are not numerous, and they may be stated here. Mr. W. G. Grace made 344 for M.C.C. v. Kent, at Canterbury, in August 1876; Mr. W. W. Read 338 for Surrey v. Oxford University, at Kennington Oval, in June 1888; Mr. W. L. Murdoch 321 for New South Wales v. Victoria, at Sydney, in February 1882; and Mr. W. G. Grace 318 (not out) for Gloucestershire v. Yorkshire, at Cheltenham, in August 1876, and 301 for Gloucestershire v. Sussex, at Bristol, in August 1896.



J. T. BROWN.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

J. TUNNICLIFFE.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

A COLLECTION OF BRAINS.

According to the provisions of the will of the late Professor Edward Drinker Cope, the brain of that eminent scientist will be turned over to the Philadelphia Anthropometrical Society to be used in the advancement of science. Professor Cope was a member of the society, and his will was drawn in compliance with one of the provisions of its constitution, by which each member binds himself to bequeath to the organisation his brain for examination and preservation after death. The society was organised by the late Joseph Leidy, who was one of his country's leading anatomists, and included in its membership are a great many of the foremost medical men and scientists of the American continent. The

museum of the society contains, besides the grey matter of a dozen of the brainiest men who have died in the last six or eight years, those of a hundred feeble-minded children who have died in a local asylum. As planned at present, the museum will contain the brains of persons of varying degrees of intelligence, so arranged as to show the development from an animal a little higher than a beast to the highest point that culture can attain.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The sea-beach on the coast of California is extremely hard at low tide, and almost dry, especially in the vicinity of such fashionable and picturesque watering-places as Los Angeles, Coronado, and Santa Cruz. Consequently, it is but natural that the ubiquitous cyclist should at last



AN ENGLISH CYCLE POSTER.

Designed by Frank H. W.

have determined to make use of the splendid stretches of level sand. I quote the following from an American journal—

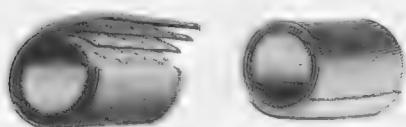
To be thoroughly fashionable this year you must take a spin on the beach on your wheel. One of the pleasantest ways of this new idea is that, in order to be strictly *en robe*, you must ride in a bathing-suit. The summer girl is always at her best in a bathing-suit. It also suits the summer young man, and thus there is little left to be desired.

It strikes me forcibly, however, that, if this "scorching" custom ever becomes prevalent in England, the Society for Draping Nude Figures will find that a good deal is left to be desired, and most likely the said society will, moreover, have a word or two to say upon the subject. Certainly "it wouldn't be" done for the *Book*," and we should feel thankful that Glasgow is not a "seaside resort."

A Press Luncheon given at the Hotel Cecil on Thursday by the Beebe Pneumatic Tyre Syndicate was largely attended. Many specimens of the Beebe tyre were on view, and, without a doubt, the Beebe is an excellent tyre for vehicles, being "puncture-proof," "burst-proof," and

unable to blow off the felloe. Whether the Beebe will or will not prove suitable for cycles is another matter. Personally, I think that it is not sufficiently resilient for so light a machine as the bicycle, but no doubt it will be improved. The vibration

that the tyre would cause if applied to a bicycle would, I should think, be as great almost as the vibration caused by the old-fashioned cushion tyre. The fact that it can be ridden without injury when inflated speaks for itself. Still, as I have said, for carriages, coaches, hansom-cabs—in short, for every kind of heavy vehicle—the Beebe tyres are certainly the best as yet placed on the market. I speak with authority, for I have examined tyres of every kind. The Beebe is made of alternate layers of rubber, canvas, and crimped steel spring piano-wire in enough layers to make it puncture-proof, and it has been subjected to innumerable tests, all of which it has undergone satisfactorily. In the course of a brief speech, Mr. Matthew Robin, the engineering expert, stated that no litigation could take place on the ground of infringement of any patent, as every sort of care had been taken not to infringe patents, and full inquiries had been made. Mr. Baxter, of the Leyland Rubber Company, then stated that fresh



THE BEEBE PNEUMATIC TYRE.

experiments would soon take place with Beebe bicycle tyres, and he added that he himself would guarantee that two pounds per annum per hansom cab would be saved by every proprietor of hansom-cabs who adopted Beebe pneumatic tyres in lieu of cushion tyres. The Beebe is used daily in London, and may be seen at the office of the Beebe Pneumatic Tyre Syndicate, 4, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

A class of the travelling public whose wants have not as yet been fully recognised by our railway authorities will welcome the introduction by the Great Northern Railway of a series of tours for stations between London and Peterborough, to include extended facilities in the form of combined tickets to cover both passengers and cycles, enabling cyclists to alight at one station on the outward journey and to rejoin the train at another station on the homeward journey. The object of these tours is to enable the cyclist to escape the monotony of the repeated ride through the London suburbs, and to commence and end his road-journey in more pleasant country surroundings. Under the auspices of the company a special handbook has been prepared by their Official Tourist Agent, Dr. Lunn, giving particulars of sixteen alternative tours, with a capital road-map of each, and, in addition, lists of hotels, cycle-repairers, and other information invaluable to cyclists. Copies of the book may be obtained at all the company's offices in London and the suburbs.

I saw such a pretty bicycle procession a short time ago in the little village of Austwick, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The village was *en fête*, suffering, in common with every other town, village, and hamlet in the United Kingdom, from a severe attack of Jubilis. I was surprised to see machines so tastefully decorated. One in particular attracted my attention; it was entirely trimmed with pale green and pink, and a large bouquet composed of ferns and of Gloire de Dijon roses was fastened to the handle-bar. The rider of this machine was

AN AMERICAN CYCLE POSTER.
Designed by the Strobridge Litho Company, Cincinnati.

attired in a grotesque costume of black and white. Another bicycle, appropriately decorated in red, white, and blue, looked very smart. I was asked to officiate as judge, and there were so many competitors that the post was by no means an enviable one. The weather was bright, and a prettier village fête has seldom been seen.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

It was Tennyson who particularly immortalised the particular delights of spring both in the young man's fancy and other coy receptacles of Nature's choosing; but no one that I have so far encountered in prose or poetry has satisfactorily explained the broader delights of an autumn afternoon. Perhaps it is given our present Laureate, so copious and versatile, to do this. Meanwhile, the world awaits this last symbol of his divine afflatus with all possible patience. Speaking personally, which I am conscious is always a mistake, yet always a temptation, if the Muse had marked me out as one of her very own, the *primum mobile* of my after-Season theme would undoubtedly rest on the delights of bathing and bicycling, both hopelessly modern matters, it is true, viewed from certain aspects, but none the less enchanting for all



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NEW STYLE, TRIMMED UNDER THE BRIM.

that. There is a sheltered sandy nook on a wild bit of Western Irish coast, four miles away from the hospitable house where it is one's



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A LINEN YACHTING-DRESS.

occasional good-fortune to spend a happy holiday week or two. To bike over for a bathe and back before breakfast is one of the many good things which it is possible to do in this Hibernian Lotos Land.

envy and confusion among other items of the big house-party by the gorgeousness and grace of her outfit generally; but still more, oh ye mermaids of the Western Atlantic! in the subtle fascinations of her salt-water attire. Therefore did we others separately vow to endorse all other matters of our frocks and fashions next time by such seaside costumes as would impress the very sea-gulls circling in admiring coteries overhead, and I doubt not but that when August reassembles familiar faces in that pleasant place, there will be some astonishing notes of comparison to follow. A bathing-costume composed for a campaign at Trouville is illustrated on this page, and will probably find favour in the educated eyes of the "summer girl." Made in bright cherry-coloured linen of a particular thickness, with a gracefully shaped peignoir of the same material in a darker shade, a harmony is produced which it would be difficult to improve on. Applications of white cloth, laid in crossing curves to form an oval pattern, give a very smart appearance to the blouse, which is, by the way, worn longer than last year, and looks much more graceful in consequence.

A special sort of serge has been brought out also, which is quite different from the ordinary material of our tailor-mades, as it is lighter and has the advantage of drying quickly. Red and cherry-colour are the favourite tones, but the classic dark blue can also be rendered very effectively by the addition of white or pale-green cloth laid on in festoons, with square collar, cuffs, and sash to match. A blue serge bathing-suit, with square bolero of white cloth embroidered in gold, makes a captivating "altogether," flanked by a white knitted Tam-o'-Shanter and white canvas shoes, which have soles of either cork or rope, and are tied sandal-fashion over the instep. Completing the daintiness of these seaside trousseaux, pretty silk bags of tartan silk, previously waterproofed, are now made to carry the necessary garments. These bags are generally made to match the "Marmotte" bathing-cap, a new form of aquatic headgear simulating a silk handkerchief, which, fitting closely to the head, is daintily knotted over the forehead, with ends becomingly erect. Shepherdess hats à la Watteau are also worn, but only by those who do not mind wet heads, the objection to which is not without its *raison d'être*, as salt water undoubtedly makes the hair hard and coarse, the charming mermaid tradition notwithstanding.

For autumn travelling-hats the "newest," even if not the most becoming shade, is wood-colour or Kharki, of that tone which our much-admired Colonial cousins wear so gallantly. Personally, I think it takes the bronzed lineaments of a Jubilee soldier to wear Kharki successfully, but the fact of its present popularity prevails notwithstanding. The more ornate hats, bearing out the early Victorian revival, have in many cases a wreath of roses or other blossom under the brim—a style which is in general more honoured in the breach than observance, it may be added, as it is distinctly unbecoming, although girls have in many cases transformed themselves into guys this Season by the adoption of the ugly Victorian poke-bonnet in the general rage for 1837 reminiscences. The discarded collar-band from blouse or bodice is also a present revival of old-time customs, which may be equally attributed to the hot weather or the possession of a beautiful neck; but, like the former freak, this is one that has only been dared by fashionable women, properly so called. Given the circumstance of the round, white neck, and it is admissible and even admirable; but with a wrinkled, lean, or yellow throat, how deplorable the result! Yet I have seen maidens of many summers indulging this indiscreet exhibition of the neck, which had been much more becomingly shrouded up in friendly ribbon and lace.

These quaint old fashions in dress come and go, however, while the taste for those "old things" which Owen Meredith so stoutly maintained "were best" has at least remained constant to the fancies of



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SEASIDE STUDY IN SCARLET.

our forefathers in furniture, china, silver, and such other domestic household gods as presided over their simpler destinies, while each of us likes to think that our own especial grandfather clock or Sheffield candelabra has been duly handed down through long-gone seasons instead of being the recent result of a not altogether unimpeachable industry. But the fact of the "fake" remains, and many are the phases through which some rusty armour, moth-eaten tapestries, and worm-holed "old oak" have gone before the mystic mustiness of age finally descends on them as a mantle. All the more comforting, therefore, to know that in one place at least these arts are not given a hearing, and that is in the salons of the Old English Furnishing Company, at 97, St. Martin's Lane, which has made a stand against the exorbitant prices usually asked by dealers for all such quaint



A WELSH DRESSER AT 97, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

and curious wares. As an example, I may quote some Chippendale chairs which were on view there last week at the unassuming price of fifteen shillings each. Of sideboards and cabinets in all periods there is an especially fine display, and one of the former in satin-wood, with rich inlay, is an exceptionally fine example of Adams' best period. Some old dressers recently unearthed from the Highlands of Wales, all properly pedigreed, are unusually interesting. With plaques of Delft, or the Italian "fish-dish" in ornamental brasswork, no other form of buffet makes so effective an appearance. An old spinet gone past its playing days has been adapted to the uses of a writing-desk with most picturesque and pigeon-holed appositeness, while several tall cases of old silver and Sheffield ware are filled with more rare and curious flotsam than I have space or time to count over.

A smart-made frock, equally suitable for summer race-meetings, yachting, or other workmanlike occasions where chiffons may be possibly out of place, is shown in the accompanying sketch. Its original parts were, in fact, primarily seen at Sandown on Friday, when all the world assembled to see the Prince's horse ride home. Cardinal-red linen is the material, the bodice, shoulders, and skirt ornamented with curving tucks very cleverly shaped and fitted to the figure, one of the aforesaid "wood-coloured" hats, trimmed with scarlet ibis-wings and ribbon, making a very suitable *compagnon de voyage* to an effective and useful knockabout dress.

Many people hurried back from a very gay Henley to attend the big function at the Institute on Wednesday, for which Sir David and Lady Tennant had issued nearly three thousand invitations. Sir Gordon and Lady Sprigg, who were the guests of the occasion, together with all the other distinguished Colonials left in town, were well in evidence, the Entrance Hall making a most effective appearance in its gala gown of green and exotics. A beautiful dress worn by Mrs. Chamberlain was of the new large-meshed black tulle embroidered in an original design with tiny emerald and steel spangles over pale-green silk. A high-necked evening-dress of grey and pink shot taffetas, veiled in mousseline-de-soie, spangled in a crescent pattern with steel paillettes, was also noticeably *chic*. The sleeves, of gathered mousseline, unlined, were embroidered to match. Another dress of bright pink chiffon over silk set forth a handsome blonde *à merveille*; garlands of cherries with foliage trimmed the skirt and bordered the square-cut bodice. A bunch of the same flower, or fruit, rather, was arranged aigrette fashion in the hair.

Resolutions, like pie-crusts and other soluble matters, are only made to be broken, dissolved, and forgotten, so that in vowing to ignore the blandishments of the afternoon concert this Season, I might have known that I would inevitably find myself at one of these blameless functions. The array of talent was such a very strong one at Mr. Mercer Adam's entertainment at 78, Pall Mall, on Monday, however—not to mention that that clever young gentleman's own performance was enough to compel the admiration of the busiest, most blasé, bleached-out journalist—that I

enjoyed it exceedingly. Mdlle. de St. André, with a pretty face and voice to match, sang Massenet delightfully. Mr. Tivadar Nachez fiddled himself into our very tenderest affections, and Mr. M. Farkoa, with his *chic* Anglo-Franco ditties, was on the very strong list of performers.

If the mere name of a bargain is dear to the heart of woman, she can now satisfy its most far-reaching affections in the matter of decorative Lares and Penates—really worthy the name—by a visit to the magnificently stocked premises occupied by Messrs. Graham and Banks, of 445, Oxford Street, whose triennial sale has just begun and will last for four calendar weeks only. It is generally recognised that the only "sales" really worth attending, from the economic point of view, are those held by the best and quite first-rate establishments. When one realises, therefore, that all the valuable and costly furniture, tapestries, embroideries, and *objets d'art* variously of this celebrated house are to be sacrificed at from one-third to half their original value, one recognises that this is an occasion worth attendance and attention. The few following items picked at haphazard will perhaps give some idea of the opportunities which may now be made use of at Graham and Banks'. In the simple but necessary and highly decorative matter of cretonnes alone it will be found that fabrics of the highest excellence in pattern and texture are reduced from their various prices of one, two, and three shillings per yard to the universal and very get-at-able level of sixpence. Glazed chintz, always a thing of sweetness and light in drawing-room and bedroom equally, is marked down in an equal degree, beginning, as a matter of fact, from one shilling per yard. Arm-chairs of luxurious upholstery and devious shape are now obtainable at three pounds whose first cost was reckoned in double that easily attained figure. Mantelpieces in variously hued or enamelled woods, which shelter and succour the defects of the ugly early Victorian grate, are literally given away from one guinea each upwards. Daintily inlaid coffee-tables in the Adams manner, Graham and Banks' own excellent handicraft, are being sold at thirty shillings each. A beautiful leather screen subtly painted in mellow tones of the Vernis Martin manner has been marked down from ten to six pounds. Another, of mahogany, with brocade panels and Chippendale carving, is rendered at nine instead of fifteen pounds. Cabinets in the styles of the three Louis', all the costly contents of the "Seize" drawing-room and the oaken and tapestried dining-hall, share in the general decrease of prices, an occurrence due solely, it may be observed, to the residuum which three years' trading necessarily involves, and one which will not again offer itself before another century opens its portals on futurity, therefore one to be appreciatively availed of. Did my space admit, I should like to call the attention of connoisseurs to some exquisite Adams furniture of inlaid satin-wood now hidden away in an upper storey, also to ormolu and inlaid cabinets, screens, and chairs, each an object of interest and aesthetic value. A tiny oaken and cedar-wood eseritoire, forming a bookcase on one side and desk at the other, is to be sold for £7 10s., than which no daintier occupant ever stood in a woman's boudoir. With which incomplete summary I must turn tail (in the literary sense) on one of the most attractive sales in London.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ANTONIA.—(1) The London Shoe Company, Bond Street, will fit you out to cheap and shapely admiration. "Where'er you walk," as Shakspere puts it, you cannot be shod more neatly or easily. (2) A good house agent living in that neighbourhood would be your best guide. For the oak screen and panelling, by all means visit Hewetson's, of Tottenham Court Road. I have seen a lovely buffet, English carving, much as you describe it, at Graham and Banks', but it was modern; an antique would cost you quite four times as much.

SYBIL.

Mr. Sydney Grundy duly took his call on the first night of "The Silver Key," at Her Majesty's Theatre, thereby bearing out his recently expressed dictum that it is an act of courtesy for an author to refuse to appear before the curtain, unless the call is an ironical one. Unfortunately, it is just this qualification that renders the matter so difficult to decide. At a large proportion of the most successful first-nights of recent years there has been grim irony in the cries of "Orrherr" from the gods at any rate, and this has, in its turn, been due to the injudicious applause of friends in stalls and clients in pit. But in its essence the sport of "author-baiting" is cruel, savage, and generally reprehensible, as they might say at a debating society.

Here is one of two interesting mementoes of the Anglo-Venezuelan Arbitration Treaty, signed in Washington last February, in the shape of two 18-carat gold pens delicately modelled in the form of quills, and studded with brilliants, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, turquoise, and



opal. They have recently been presented by the European Consular Corps of the Venezuelan Republic to Dr. Pedro E. Rojas, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and General Crespo, President of Venezuela, respectively. The pens were modelled by her Majesty's Silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on July 27.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The Bank Return on Thursday last did not disclose any special features. The Note Circulation shows a decrease of £214,000, while the stock of coin and bullion is only about £11,000 higher, despite the fact that £24,000 has come in from abroad. Repayments from the banks have reduced "Other" securities by £287,000. "Public" deposits are £911,000 lower, while "Other" deposits are up £846,000. The Reserve has been increased by £225,000, the ratio to liabilities being raised from 49 $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. to 49 $\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. The Bank Rate continues at 2 per cent., and money is still very plentiful. It is thought, however, in some quarters that it will become dearer ere long.

AMERICANS.

Operations in this market are still chiefly confined to the professional element, the public not caring to associate themselves just yet with its business. Every little upward movement is quickly checked by realisations. There are too many awkward questions to get settled up—such as the Tariff and Currency—before it will be safe to operate freely in this department. The crop accounts continue to be excellent, and reports are freely circulated that there will be a large foreign demand for American wheat, on account of the unfavourable crop conditions abroad. But taking this news in connection with the rumours of a deadlock in the Conference Committee on the Tariff Bill, it does not serve to inspire investors with confidence in the immediate outlook. Another disturbing element in this market last week was the attitude taken up by Mr. Sherman with regard to the Behring Sea question. As it did not, however, have any adverse effect upon prices in Wall Street, the weakness which the news had occasioned on this side soon passed off.

COLONIAL SECURITIES.

The only exception to the general fall which was disclosed by the Making-up List last Account was in the Colonial Loan department. The strength of these securities is, no doubt, partly attributable to the popularity which has marked the visit of the Colonial Premiers to this country in connection with the Jubilee celebrations. There has been at times a strained feeling between the Mother Country and some of her Colonial possessions with regard to the financial methods adopted by the latter, but it is confidently expected that the many opportunities which those Colonial gentlemen have had during their stay here of mutually discussing financial and other questions, will lead to a better and more friendly understanding than has hitherto prevailed. For the moment the position in Australia looks more hopeful than it has done for some time. Some weeks ago telegraphic advice informed us that the severe drought had broken up generally, and on the top of this cheerful intelligence comes the satisfactory revenue returns from the various Australian colonies. Private advices, however, as to the state of affairs in Melbourne are not over-encouraging.

HOME RAILS.

Considerable interest has been attached to the dividend announcements for the past half-year, which has led to a great amount of business activity in this market. The first important announcement was that of the Brighton Company, which declared the same dividend as that for the corresponding period of 1896, namely, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. This gave a healthy stimulus to the market, and, as the other notifications which immediately followed came up to general expectations, there was an upward movement in prices. This movement, however, was somewhat checked the following day by the South-Eastern announcement of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which was $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. below what the "bulls" expected. There is an element of uncertainty as to the probable course of this market, owing to the engineering dispute. Should this be prolonged to any great extent, it will undoubtedly have an adverse influence upon the shares of those companies more immediately interested.

INTERNATIONALS.

The political outlook in the East at the time of writing is distinctly more hopeful. It is now quite clear that the Powers are acting in unison, and although there may be a few more vexatious delays in bringing the Sultan to his knees, a satisfactory adjustment of matters is looked upon as being pretty well assured. Both the Turkish and Greek issues keep steady, in view of the prospects of a settlement of the various questions involved. South American Securities have been weak on the advance of the gold premium, and the locust pest still seems to have an adverse effect. Mexican stocks, especially City of Mexico 5 per cent. Loan, have been well supported.

NITRATE RAILWAYS.

The report of the committee appointed by the shareholders of the Nitrate Railway Company on Jan. 5 is a most exhaustive one, covering as it does some sixty-nine pages of printed matter. The report cannot be said to afford cheerful reading to the shareholders, for it exhibits a very serious condition of affairs as regards the past management of the railway. The committee, however, express the opinion that there is likely always to be a future for the railway if worked with the most rigid economy. Some very serious accusations are laid at the door of the directors. Among others, the committee are of opinion that the Board entered into contracts with the Tarapacá Water Company on such terms as would not have been entertained if the interests of the Water

Company had not been largely represented on the Board. The committee have also come to the conclusion that the directors speculated on the rise and fall of exchange, with the result that the company was involved in heavy loss. The report altogether amounts to a very serious indictment of the Board of Directors, and it will be interesting to hear what defence they have to make. In the meantime the directors beg the shareholders to suspend their judgment.

CHILIAN BONDS.

The recent fall in Chilian Bonds has extracted a characteristic telegram from headquarters. In response to an inquiry on the subject from Messrs. Rothschild, the Chilian Finance Minister cabled a reply to the effect that the expenditure of the Government was covered by revenue, notwithstanding that the Customs receipts had diminished owing to the decrease in nitrate exports. The difficulties in connection with the Bank of Santiago are said to have been solved, and the resumption of specie payments is assured. On the strength of this optimistic telegram the 5 per cent. bonds of 1892 experienced a rise in price from the low level to which they had fallen, the decline during the Account having been no less than 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ points. We would not advise our readers to be carried away too much with these Ministerial assurances, as we do not entertain a very high idea on the stability of Chilian finance.

HEIDELBERG GOLD-MINES.

The Senior Official Receiver, who presided at the meeting of this company last week, expressed himself in very frank terms with regard to the policy of the Winding-up Department in connection with reconstruction schemes. He is reported to have said that—

It might be that it would be wished to bring forward a scheme of reconstruction, and his duty was rather to wind up companies than to promote new ones. Under no circumstances could he recommend a scheme of reconstruction, however good, and if one were brought forward he would simply put it to a meeting in a cold-blooded way as to whether they wished for it or not.

Although it is not the duty of the Official Receiver to advocate reconstruction schemes, we all know with what fairness he submitted the various schemes of the Australian Banks, which eventually led to their acceptance by the shareholders and creditors. Apropos of the above remarks of the Senior Official Receiver, it is interesting to note the aptness with which the registered telegraphic address of the Winding-up Department has been selected. It is the significant word "concluding."

COLONIAL BANK.

Despite the assurance given by the chairman at the meeting of this institution on July 8, that its business "is as sound as it has ever been," its shares continue to droop. Towards the end of May last these shares stood as high as £29, but about that time rumours got afloat that the bank was going to pass its dividend, and on the strength of these reports the price of the shares commenced to fall away. The rumour proved to be incorrect, although the directors found it necessary to distribute a 6 per cent. dividend, instead of the 10 which they had been in the habit of paying. The position of affairs in the West Indies, where the bank's business is conducted, is very unsatisfactory, and is giving rise to a good deal of uneasiness on the part of the shareholders of this bank, as evidenced in the persistent decline of the shares, which now stand at about £22, or a fall of £7 in about two months. Of course, it must be borne in mind that bank shares are very sensitive, and it only requires one or two nervous people to sell their shares in order to cause a general slump. The chairman was able at the meeting to state that the bank had in round figures £2,329,000 of immediately available assets to meet total liabilities of £3,890,000. This being equivalent to rather more than 60 per cent., we do not think there need be any unnecessary alarm on the part of shareholders.

AUTOMATIC FOOTBALL.

Football is, we know, a wonderful game, and big crowds can be drawn together to see two crack teams play a cup-tie, while the performers make incomes which may well be envied by struggling journalists; but the prospectus of the National Sports Automatic Machine Company, Limited, is even more wonderful than the game of which it treats. Joint-stock Switchback Steeplechase Companies have before now tempted the investor, with results so far not satisfactory; Gigantic Wheels and Watkin Towers have appealed to people who now, probably, regret that they listened to the voice of the charmer—no, we beg pardon, promoter—but, for sheer folly, we confess the scheme of a Penny-in-the-Slot Automatic Football Machine is entitled to championship honours.

The capital has not been underwritten—we suppose because even underwriters draw the line somewhere—and not even a promoter has been found to father the precious concern. One E. G. Matthewson has invented a machine of which no description is given, and twenty-three of the things have been set up in various public-houses around London for periods varying from twenty-six to two weeks. How many have been up for a fortnight and how many for a longer time we are not told, but the net takings are said to have been 11s. 6d. a-week, upon which flimsy superstructure an estimate of anticipated profits is produced, and Mr. Matthewson will be paid £7000 in cash and shares. The picture which accompanies the prospectus is enough to frighten away even the most simple-minded investor, and we do not suppose that many people will be found to part with their money in exchange for shares; but, as an example of joint-stock enterprise reared on a foundation of sand, we should say this child of Mr. Matthewson's is entitled to a first prize.

A WELL-KNOWN FINANCIER.

Very few men are and have for years been more prominent or more successful in the world of finance than Mr. William Mendel, of the well-known firm of André, Mendel, and Co., of Whittington Avenue, E.C. It is to Mr. Mendel that the world owes the conversion of nearly all the big drapery businesses into joint-stock companies, Harrod's Stores, D. H. Evans, Crisp and Co., T. R. Roberts' Stores, Louise and Co., Paquin, and last, but by no means the least important, Maison Virot, Limited, now before the public, and for the shares of which the Stock Exchange is at present an eager buyer, owing their inception to his fertile brain. Mr. Mendel has had an unusually varied business training, eminently calculated to develop a keen and sound judgment upon the many businesses which pass through his hands.

MR. WILLIAM MENDEL.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

The portrait we are able to give is a most excellent likeness of the man, yet does not convey an adequate idea of the sturdy, well-knit figure or the charm of manner for which Mr. William Mendel is celebrated. Some financial magnates owe their position to luck, others to sleight of hand, while some have to thank the brains of other people for the success of their best coups; but Mr. William Mendel owes his position alone to his subtle intellect, capacity for work, and boldness both in the conception of a scheme and mastery of every detail, which, together with sturdy Radicalism, are the most characteristic features of his personality.

RELATED CYCLE COMPANIES.

The circulators of cycle prospectuses at this moment must be bold men, even if, in addition to issuing an appeal for subscriptions, they engage an army of sandwich-men to parade our streets with absurd notices about the economic boom of 1897, and other equally futile observations. It will be hard enough for the big companies to live, despite the world-wide fame of their productions, but, for a new business to enter the already over-crowded ranks and expect to make a profit, appears about as mad an enterprise just now as can well be conceived. The Windsor Cycle Company hopes to induce the world to believe in miracles, and the public to find the necessary capital for its enterprise, which appears to us very much like a thing born out of due season; while the Hollis Cycle Brake and Fittings Company fills half its front page with red-letter remarks about "the brake difficulty solved" and "new principles instantly taken up by the trade." We suppose these sort of oracular expressions catch a few flatters, especially if you print them often enough and in red ink, but the idea of the cycle trade instantly taking up a new principle is, to anyone who knows the ways of cycle-makers, exquisitely comic, while as to solving the brake difficulty, there is nothing to solve. The prospectus is a poor production, and it would be more to the point if the public were told the minimum number of brakes each of the licensees has contracted to take—without a minimum there is no value in the fact that so-and-so has taken a licence—while why Frank Shorland, whose testimonial is so conspicuous, should grandiloquently sign himself "Champion Rider of the World" even he would probably find a difficulty in explaining.

There is, as usual, an estimate of profits based on suppositions figures, which, we believe, are never likely to be realised, and the directors are *uninformed* (by whom does not appear) that they have a master patent for something which, in our opinion, is not wanted.

It is a pity that the Swift Company should select such a moment as the present for disclosing to the public the fact that there are grave differences of opinion upon the Board, although it is probably better to have it out than leave the divided counsels to do more damage. How the shareholders of the John Griffiths Corporation will like Mr. Philpotts' observations, we do not know; but we should hardly think the price of shares will be improved.

THE END OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMMITTEE.

Everybody is delighted at the end of the South African Committee, and nobody cares two straws what it reports. For weeks the whole business has been a perfect farce, without even the pretence of trying to extract new facts or investigate anything. The most amusing thing in connection with the inquiry was the virtuous indignation of Mr. Beit, Dr. Rutherford Harris, and others, who were accused by Mr. Labouchere of having sold "bears" before the raid. If they have any cause for complaint against the Member for Northampton, who accused them of the meanest villainy, the courts of law are open to them, and, no doubt, the books of Wernher, Beit, and Co. would afford amusing reading. Of course,



the whole series of scenes were got up partly to waste time and partly for theatrical effect, and to impress the public; but we doubt if the latter part of the programme has been a great success. If Mr. Beit and Dr. Harris had not protested quite so much, but instead had served a writ on their accuser (who, by-the-bye, took care to make his statements so that there was no Parliamentary privilege attaching to them), we and the public at large would be inclined to believe in their innocence, for then we should have had, under the stimulating influence of severe cross-examination, an explanation of the selling which the "shop" jobbers undoubtedly carried out just before and after Christmas 1895. Until the gentlemen in question take steps like ordinary mortals to defend their characters by suing Mr. Labouchere they deserve very little sympathy.

C. A. PEARSON, LIMITED.

The balance-sheet of this company will be in the hands of shareholders within the next few days, and we are revealing very few secrets when we say that the profits for the year's working will be certified by the auditors to exceed £40,000. To pay the interest on the preference capital only £13,750 is required, so that the margin of security appears very large. It is well known that the company publishes two papers either of which alone would secure the preferred holders their dividends, and why the Five and a-Half Preference shares should stand at a price which will yield nearly 6 per cent. to a buyer, we cannot understand.

ISSUES.

The Maison Virot, Limited, is a creation of André, Mendel, and Co. to take over the millinery business of that name in Paris. The accountants certify that the average profits for the last ten years are more than enough to pay the preference dividend and 15 per cent. on the ordinary shares. The worst year has shown over £18,000 net profit, while for the first six months of this year £11,404 has been made. With the great Exhibition of 1900 coming on, the directors think that even better results can be anticipated. The business will remain under the same management as before, the working capital to be provided by this issue appears ample, and the Board is a strong one.

The Wimbledon National Sports Club, Limited, is offering 4 per cent. debentures secured by mortgage on 107 acres of very valuable freehold land, and 20,000 6 per cent. preference shares of £1 each. We do not often speak well of this kind of investment, but the prospectus of this company appears so business-like, and the estimates of the directors so moderate, that we have no hesitation in saying that the debentures seem to us a very good security, while if we lived at Wimbledon we should consider we were running a moderate risk only, in addition to promoting our own happiness, in taking some of the preference issue.

Saturday, July 17, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Grauville House, Arundel Street, Strand." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CONSTANT READER.—(1) The office of the Barberton Reefs Company is 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C. Write to the secretary, and let us know the result. (2) In our opinion you had better write off the cost of the shares as a bad debt, for the venture is of the wild-cat order. (3) As to the City of Antwerp bonds, they are about the best of the Continental city lottery bonds; the drawings we believe to be fairly conducted, and if you won a prize you would get it.

W. S. T.—We wrote to you on the 13th inst.

NATAL.—If you had been a reader of our paper you would not have asked our opinion on the intrinsic value of Chartered shares. Apart from their merits as gambling counters, which may be considerable, we believe they are not worth the paper on which the certificates are printed, but by cutting in on a fall and out on a small rise you might make money.

COLONIAL.—We continue to hear good accounts of Victory Charters Towers, which will repay locking up. They have lately paid a dividend.

M. T.—(1) We advise you to leave the Prospecting Company alone, unless you want a gamble of the wildest kind. (2) The price of the Stores shares is nominally just about par, but there is really no market. The underwriters got stuck to the extent of about 55 per cent., we are told. We think the company will do well. (3) The Market believes in this Tea Table Company, but we expect before the special settlement you will be able to get in round about par. (4) These shares are a speculative purchase, and the market is a limited one; if well managed there is plenty of room for a rise, but of late it has not been conducted in a way to encourage purchase.

E. B. B.—We would not touch the shares with the longest barge-pole.

CONYNG.—(1) There is really no market for these shares, and we have been unable to get a price. They are not freely dealt in. (2) We should leave the cycle shares alone.

A. MAIDEN ALL FOOLORN.—We will make inquiries and reply next week.

BORRIDGE.—Your shares are not so bad as those of many other correspondents. (1) A failure, and we think of no value intrinsically. (2) A fair mine but doubtful at depth. (3) We should hold, but consult Mr. Henry Hess, of the *African Critic*. (4) Ditto; the lot connected with it are very bad ones. (5 and 6) These have always been considered good West Australians. Conflicting accounts reach us as to No. 5, while as to No. 6 we now believe the shares are of no value, except as gambling counters.

ROWING.—(1) Various rumours have been circulated as to the effect of this year's working, and people say, if the hotel cannot make a profit now, when will it do so? The truth or falsehood of the stories is known only to the directors. (2) We think you would be well rid of the cycle shares. (3) The price of Tarry shares is about 37s., but to buy or sell is a question of negotiation.

RWARD.—Unless we saw all the agreements and the notices sent out by the liquidator, we really cannot advise you as to your rights; but it has been held over and over again that a shareholder failing to take up new shares within a reasonable time limited by notice is deprived of his rights. Consult a respectable solicitor—one versed in Company Law, for choice.

Z. Y. X.—We think the Stores shares were badly subscribed, and the underwriters got stuck with a great many. The prospectus did not read well, and the question of whether the shares will recover depends on the success of the trading.

MATRA.—We have no special information as to this mine; indeed, we know no more than we have seen in the papers. We will send your letter to our African correspondent in Johannesburg; but his observations cannot be published for six weeks. Consult Mr. Henry Hess, of the *African Critic*, who may know something.